National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

JOHN MITCHEL TO REV. H. W. BEECHER.

From The Citizen.

REVEREND SIR: Your letter to me in the *Independent* of February 2d is certainly successful as an effort of rhetoric; and I felicitate myself on having had the good fortune to draw forth so fine a burst of that species of composition.

I cannot, however, exactly what I looked for. In reply to your vehement attacks of yours, one in your Abolition language, and one in your newspaper, I did myself the honour to address to you certain *arguments*. I really thought they were, in some sort, arguments; and supposed that if you vouchsafed me a reply, you would try to answer or invalidate them. The course you have taken makes me admire your prudence, even more than your eloquence.

It was required of me to show how my declaration that slaveholding is not a crime consists with my attempt to abolish English dominion in Ireland. For answer I pointed to some of the greatest leaders of this Republic, who, being slaveholders, rose to abolish English dominion in America. Do you see the unprincipled folly of this? Can your reverence contemplate without horror an American colonist exacting the whole labour of his own slave, yet declining himself to be the slave of the British Parliament; buying negroes bodily for his own property, yet indignant because English statesmen presumed to levy three pence per pound upon his tea? I need not ask: for you will not answer. You dare not say before an American audience that George Washington was an imposter, and had no "principle." Yet that is what you mean, if you mean anything. Therefore you wisely let the subject alone; and by way of answer you build me up sentences like this:

"Once you stood like some great oak, whose wide circumference was lifted up above all the pastures, the glory of all beholders, and a covert for a thousand timid singing-birds. Now you lie at full length along the ground, with mighty ruptured roots, ragged and upturned to heaven, with broken boughs and despoiled leaves! Never again shall husbandmen predict spring from your swelling buds! Never again shall God's singing-birds of liberty come down through all the heavenly air, to rest themselves on your waving top! Fallen! Uprooted! Doomed to the axe and the hearth!"

I almost feel the edge of the hatchet. Woodman, spare that tree! Your imagery is so vivid that I am ready to raise my hand to my head, to ascertain whether, like Phæton's sisters, I bear foliage and bird's nests; the prophecy is terrific; and the effect, like one of Mr. Barnum's effects, is "thrilling."

You have a dislike to Moses, at which I do not wonder. You say "let Moses sleep." Then why did you cite that legislator in your Lecture? It was your reverence that awakened him. In order to make people believe that American Slavery is more barbarous than ancient Slavery, you told the Tabernacle that Moses imposed restrictions upon the institution, and surrounded it with difficulties and inconveniences, tending to produce abolition at length. I followed you into the Pentateuch, and showed that you did not read those five books aright. I demonstrated that there were no restrictions at all, and no tendency to abolition, and no intention of it, either rapid or gradual.

So Moses has become tedious to you. You beg me not to keep "stumbling over the records of rude society four thousand years ago." But pardon me, it was your reverence who stumbled; and you are not sufficiently grateful to me for picking you up. You say I "make the Bible lie" (whatever that means); but you have not shown me where or how ——I say that you falsify the Bible; and I have shown you where and how. It seems to me, too, that your avoidance of the subject is an admission that you did really misrepresent the Mosaic law to support the Abolition ticket. Is it not a shame? Do you think such a deed can be atoned for by a tirade like the following, addressed to me, thrilling as it is?

"I cannot hide from myself that there yet remains or you a dismal age, a desolate and cheerless solitude of infirmities. Time, that would have carried you onward, garlanded with achievements worthy of a man living for men, and surrounded by the genial sympathies of loving hearts, now will drift you to a polar solitude, without love, or sympathy, or pity, or honour. You will sweep coldly on upon a dark current, like an ever-rolling iceberg, that, rolling and resounding ever so much, gains no rest by changing place."

Benedicite! It does a man good to hear you, in a rhetorical, melodramatical and merely Barnumistic point of view. But where is the *sense*? Who has taught you to call names at this outrageous rate? Another time you compare me to Hercules spinning threads; and again, Good Heaven! what is this?

"Sorrowfully, we must leave you, like some false and hideous image, around which, for the moment, chattering priests of oppression have burned incense, but soon to be cast out, even by them, a detested and desecrated idol, forgotten of men, and remembered only of vermin-lizards that crawl darkling beneath the twilight of poisonous weeds that grow and twine about it."

Now I also could find comparisons in the various kingdoms of nature for you, Mr. Beecher. And I have a mind even to try your own style, and show that I have taken a lesson from you—as thus: I am a rolling and resounding iceberg of the Polar seas—very well; you are a Geyser or boiling spring, copious enough to keep the world in hot water. I may be like a dead tree; but what if your reverence is very like a whale—a whale of the blowing or spouting species; blowing and spouting as if you meant to quench the stars. Rather, indeed, you are the Great Sea-Serpent, that dubious and mythical fish, who disporteth himself before the eyes of wondering mariners, now to starboard, again to port, and no man knoweth where to have him. He esteemeth iron as straw; and the arrow cannot make him flee. He lasheth the sea with his tail, and all the morning papers of the universe resound with the splash thereof. No fisher of woman born shall put a hook between his jaws; no mortal cook shall cut him up for ever: on his crest sits humbug plumed; from his mane he shaketh boundless Bunkum, and in his convoluted spires there lurketh *Capital!*

You see 'tis as easy as lying; but there is no use in all this: nor would it throw light upon any question. Yet this very sort of thing is the tissue of your eloquent letter to me. In one instance only you lose sight of your prudent reserve and venture upon an actual assertion. Bored to death as you are by Moses and the Prophets, it is still evident you wish to make allies of them; and thus you say, by way of contrasting American with Hebrew Slavery:

"Hebrew Slavery admitted that a slave was a man with all appropriate human responsibilities, and made ample provision for his religious and civil instruction."

It is painful to be obliged to say that you are again mistaken. There was no provision at all, either ample or little, for the religious or for the civil instruction of the foreign slaves of the Jews: and as to their "responsibilities," they had, to be sure, all "appropriate" responsibilities—that is such as are appropriate to a slave, and no more. All their slaves (except those casual and temporary slaves who were of the tribes of Israel) were simply and absolutely (as American slaves are) the chattels of their proprietors. To worry you with proofs of this would be cruel. You are tired of the Pentateuch, and will no more hear Moses and the Prophets; but probably you will see the expediency of reading a little before you rattle Moses about people's ears again. The authorities I cited, you call rubbish; and you say "you have in your library heaps of trash" of that sort. I do assure you that you would find your account in reading some of them in your leisure hours: what is the use of having heaps of books in a man's library if he will not read them? know well enough where you got your new and strange interpretations of Scripture: it was from Mrs. Beecher Stowe (*vide* "Key"), who again got them from Professor Stowe, who got them from Barnes, or else Barnes from Stowe. It is a perilous thing, this reference for ever to one's own little clique and circle for authority and intellectual pabulum: the supply soon dries up: and, if you will have another Polar similitude, I shall liken you in this matter to a Greenland bear, sucking his own paws for food in the hard weather.

You say there is "an issue between me and the American public." This I did not know before. I knew that there was an issue between me and a small knot of noisy Tabernacle lecturers, who affect astonishment on finding that one who has protested against oppression is yet unprepared to denounce as oppression what they, the Tabernacle lecturers, call by that name; and who are shocked to see a man in the nineteenth century with no more exalted idea of freedom than the benighted Washington had. I apprehend, sir, that you and the Tabernacle men are not the American public; very far short of it indeed. But, here is the issue that you say has been raised between me and the said public:

"What was the liberty which you asserted for Ireland? *Was it a liberty founded upon the inalienable right of every human being to life, liberty, and happiness? or was it a liberty founded on the right of the strong to oppress the weak?* This is the question which American newspapers are just now discussing."

Are they? I am sorry that I can render them no assistance. As to the first question, I am not aware that every human being, or any one, has "an inalienable right to life, liberty, and happiness." People often forfeit life and liberty, and as to "happiness" I do not even know what it is. On the whole, I fear this is jargon. For the second horn of your dilemma, "Was it a liberty founded on the right of the strong to oppress the weak?" I must confess that I do not understand the dialect. Therefore, I decline to impale myself upon that horn also: to your pair of questions I am consent to answer, NEITHER.

What liberty it was that I aspired to for Ireland, it would be useless to tell you again—you would never understand me. And it would only disgust you if I were to refer to the rude ages again, and to say that it was just the sort of liberty—no better and no worse—which the slaveholding Corcyreans asserted against Corinth, and the slaveholding Corinthians fought for against Rome, and the slaveholding Americans wrung from the English. It was National Independence.

But I am tired of the subject. And I do not believe that any single individual really sees the least inconsistency in my sentiments or behaviour. The whole controversy is fictitious and factitious: it is an affair of tickets and platforms. You seem to think it a small matter, sir, to exasperate your fellow-citizens of the South by unmeaning vilification; nothing to shake the foundation of the Union; nothing to pour discredit upon Republicanism itself, and to insult your own grand country, while you lay your disloyal incense at the feet of the cruel, canting, English Government—provided only you can win some sanctimonious votes for the great gospel of Free Soilism, and can get yourself and your literary circle patronized and patted on the back by the treacherous and brutal British Press. Yes; I find your Abolition to be not only nonsense, but treason. Englishmen came over here as its apostles, and it has on it the slime and trail of Exeter Hall. And do you believe that the exterminators of Ireland, the roughshod riders of India, the armed speculators in Chinese lives, sincerely wish for the liberty of any being, anywhere under the sun? Do you think the English care about this whole question of American Slavery, save as a machinery for breaking up the great Republican Confederation whereof England and every other power has such a mortal jealousy and fear. Exeter Hall shapes its balmy benevolence in the form of a wedge, to drive between North and South: and you, reverend gentleman, hammer upon that wedge with all your might every time you thump your cushion, and the British Press cries Bravo! Beecher!

Between the Northern and Southern States of this Republic, I apprehend, there is but little real conflict of interest or feeling. The question of State policy and Territorial arrangement which exists would, as I believe, settle *themselves*, if you and your little second-hand Exeter Hall would let them alone. Whatever bitterness has mingled itself with the controversy, you and the conventicles have infused the poisonous drop When we hear a Mr. Wade, in the United States Senate at Washington, howling about Nebraska being made a "Sodom and Gomorrah"—uttering dismal prophecies like these—"he saw a cloud, already larger than a man's hand—that cloud would soon gather all round from the North and West—the whole heavens would be lighted up with fires"—and so forth—the man is speaking the language of the Tabernacle: he is inspired by the Conventicles: he Beecherizes. If there be any cloud impending over the business, it is the dreary cloud of fanaticism, which has shadowed many a noble cause and broken many a glorious confederacy before now. What are these foul-mouthed Puritans that they should presume to curse, with all the curses of Ernulphus, American citizens of the South—that they should term their property a robbery and their homes Sodom and Gomorrah?

And does it ever occur to you to consider whether those Southern planters *can* liberate their slaves? Whether the slaves wish it—whether, if they did, it would be good for them, or for those who would have the misfortune to be their neighbours instead of owners? Have you considered the condition of Haiti? Of Jamaica? And if you urge the generous example of your friends the English, I will tell you what that generosity consisted of—borrowing one hundred millions of dollars (which they never intend to pay), in order to add it to the "national debt," and so to take additional security against Revolution and Republicanism at home. Have you any such financial operation as this to propose to America? Or do you want to take the property of those citizens from them without *any* compensation? Have you considered any one of all these things? Or is all this Tabernacle talk *pure* rant? Is it all Capital-making and cant? Great is Cant. What is Man that he should withstand it?

I take my leave of you now, and rise out of the whole subject. What *can* I say to the pathetic adjuration with which you conclude your letter—"Come back to us, John Mitchel—it is not yet too late." Ah! your reverence will excuse me: it is not too late, but too early. You belong to a sect and a school of social reformers that I have always kept at arm's length. By your tongue I know you—you are the men who talk about the "rude ages four thousand years ago," as if the thing that was virtue then were a crime to-day. It is you who cry out for the abolition of "the gallows and the barbarous, rattling guillotine," two instruments without which the planet would be uninhabitable. You are the Apostle of Human Progress and Benevolism, and all sorts of moral, physical and intellectual perfectibilities—ending in loud cheers and subscriptions, toasts, tabernacles and trash. Come *back* to you! Why, when was I ever amongst you? What eye has seen me moving in the ranks of "Human Progress?" Who has heard me blowing trumpets at the corners of streets?—or talking the blarney of Benevolism? or lauding British "freedom," at the expense of American Republicanism?—No, no. Cant, indeed, is strong, and the star of Humbug is high and culminant; but at any rate a man is not obliged to make himself at home with humbug, to fling himself into the arms of humbug, and contentedly take up house with humbug. I will never say unto Barnum, thou art my brother, and unto Bunkum, thou art my sister and mother. Neither will I say unto Beecher, thou art my pastor and master.

Once more, and finally, Adieu,

JOHN MITCHEL.

New York, February 7th, 1854.

JOHN MITCHEL, in last week's *Citizen*, declares himself strongly in favour of the passage of the Nebraska bill; and sets forth his view of the case in the following terms:

"For our part, we would hail its adoption as another triumph of the patriotism and good sense of Congress over the folly, fanaticism, and treason which would dismember this glorious Union, by the vain pursuit of an empty shadow to the loss and destruction of the substance.

"It is a grand mistake, an abuse of language, to call the Missouri Compromise a compact between North and South. If it was in the nature of a compact, it is rendered null and void by a later one, the Compromise of 1850. If it is contended that the first alone is valid, then we reply that there is one older still and far more binding—the compact of the Constitution. But there can be no compact made by Congress in its legislation for all the States in common. It cannot pass a law to bind its successors and posterity for all future time; and least of all, can a geographical line prevail over a great principle and say, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further." The principle now at stake is, that the people in every State and *every territoy* have a right to *make their own laws, and no Congress has the power to prevent them.*"

Selections.

NEBRASKA—FRIENDS' MEMORIAL.

Memorial of the Religious Society of Friends, in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware &c., against the introduction of Slavery into Nebraska.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.

The Memorial of the Representatives of the Religious Society of Friends, in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and parts adjacent, respectfully showeth:

That the religious Society of Friends has long held, and openly professed to the world, an unwavering conviction that the holding of our fellow men in bondage, as now practised in many parts of the United States, is totally irreconcileable with the just and benign principles of the Christian religion. It requires no argument to show that where the injunction of our blessed Redeemer, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also even so unto them," is duly regarded, there Slavery must cease.

To us it appears clear that a system which had its origin in violence, and is alone maintained by arbitrary power; which subjects men and women to the irresponsible control and disposal of persons with like passions as themselves; must inevitably tend to the injury both of the master and the slave; be inimical to the social and political welfare of our beloved country, and prevent the maintenance of that high standard of moral and religious obligation which the gospel enjoins.

We are also fully persuaded that hereditary and involuntary servitude is wholly repugnant to the just and liberal principles upon which the people of these United States assumed their station among the nations of the earth. The declaration that "all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with an unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and that governments were instituted to secure those rights, must, if carried out in practice, annihilate Slavery, wherever it exists.

It was for the support of the declaration in which this doctrine is conspicuously set forth that the Congress of 1776 pledged themselves to each other; and the people of the United States, in the Constitution from which Congress derives its authority, declare that, among the objects they had in view in framing the Government, were "to establish justice," to "promote the general welfare," and "to secure the blessings of liberty."

Neither in the preamble nor in the Constitution itself do we find an intimation of any power or authority being conferred upon Congress to promote the system, or to extend the area of Slavery. On the contrary, it was well understood at the time the Constitution was adopted, and for many years thereafter, that Slavery was expected to run its course and expire in the States where it then existed, without spreading its blighting influences over any others. The history of the times confirms this statement, and we have a striking illustration of its truth in the Ordinance of 1787, enacted by the Congress of the Confederation, and ratified by the first Congress under the present Union. By this law, hereditary Slavery is forever excluded from the Territory on the northwest of the Ohio, the only one then held by the United States. The wisdom of this measure has been conclusively demonstrated, by the unparalleled prosperity and growth in population and wealth of the States which have been formed out of that region.

In the gradual diffusion of light and knowledge, the manifold evils of Slavery have commanded the attention of the professors of the Christian religion, and so far been condemned that nearly all those governments of the civilized world which at one time sanctioned the iniquitous system have passed laws prohibiting it within their jurisdiction; and the few which still tolerate its existence, with the exception of our own, are now entertaining or maturing plans for its gradual or more speedy extinction.

Impressed with these considerations, we have seen with feelings of deep concern and sorrow that a bill is now before Congress for the establishment of two Territorial governments, in that section of country called Nebraska, legalizing the existence of Slavery there, and providing that when any portion of it shall hereafter be admitted into the Union as a State or States, it shall be received with or without Slavery, as the people applying for admission may elect.

We feel a lively interest in the fair fame and well-being of our beloved country, and in the Christian character and stability of its government, which claims to be pre-eminent in recognising the rights of man, and securing the enjoyment of those rights to all; and we feel ourselves called upon, by an imperative sense of duty, as Christians and as citizens, respectfully but earnestly to remonstrate against the passage of the bill in question, with the provisions alluded to; or to any other Legislative enactment by which Slavery, now so generally recognised as a crying evil, and one of the darkest blots upon professing Christendom, may be introduced into any part of the United States from which it is now legally excluded.

Instead of opening new Territory to the paralyzing and deeply injurious influences of this system, and thus multiplying the wrongs and cruelties which it inflicts upon its unoffending victims, our fellow beings, entitled equally with ourselves to the enjoyment of life, liberty, and social and domestic comforts, and who are alike the objects of that salvation purchased for all by a Saviour's blood, we believe the Divine call to the rulers of the nation is to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, that so the blessing of him that is ready to perish and hath none to help him may come upon them.

Besides the evils resulting from Slavery which of themselves form an unanswerable objection to the proposed legislation, we conceive that the permission to introduce Slavery into any part of the Territory in question would be in direct violation of the Missouri Compromise act, passed by Congress in 1820, which declares "That in all that Territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies North of 36 deg. 30 min. North latitude, not included in the State contemplated by this Act, SLAVERY AND INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE, otherwise than as the punishment of crime, SHALL BE AND IS HEREBY FOREVER PROHIBITED."

In this Act, the faith of the government was solemnly and irrevocably pledged to leave this condition of the Compromise forever undisturbed. The fact is indisputable, that such was the general understanding of the law at the time of its enactment, and that but for this conviction and assurance Missouri could not have been admitted as a Slave State.

But the Bill now before Congress contemplates the abrogation of this contract and the virtual repeal of the Eighth Section of the law; thus throwing open that vast tract of country to Slavery and involuntary servitude, which were by its provisions forever excluded therefrom.

If the Supreme Legislative Council of the Nation can thus violate the pledge and annul a compact which it has deliberately formed, what confidence can be reposed in the probity of the government, or what security is there for the rights and liberties of the people. It is giving the sanction of its high example to practices which, if carried into the concerns of private life, must be destructive to the integrity and truthfulness of the community. We sincerely hope, for the reputation of our common country and of its government, that this obvious dereliction from fidelity to contracts may be rejected.

The Sovereign Ruler of the universe, who holds in his hand the destiny of nations, has declared, by his inspired servant, that "he who ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God." He can control the kingdoms of men, and set up or pull them down, as he sees will most conduce to the spread of universal righteousness. None are so great or so powerful that He cannot punish them; none so weak and low as to be beneath his notice and protection. Many are the instances on record where he has been pleased to bless and prosper a government administered in his fear for the general good of the people; and though he is long-forbearing and slow to anger, yet there are also many proofs that national sins have incurred his just displeasure, and drawn down upon their authors national calamities.

We fervently desire that it may please him to influence those to whom the Legislative authority is entrusted with the wisdom which cometh from above, which "is pure, peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits," that they may consider the concerns committed to them so as to secure to ourselves and our posterity the blessing of Heaven, and to render this great and growing Republic a model of wise and virtuous government, and a praise and a glory in the earth.

Signed by direction and on behalf of a meeting of the Representatives aforesaid, held in Philadelphia, the 3d day of the Second month, 1854.

WILLIAM EVANS, *Clerk.*

THE VAN BUREN AND CLEMENS CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1854.

CERTAIN articles in the New York *Herald*, and other papers of less importance, render it necessary for me to address you this note. A private correspondence between Mr. Van Buren and myself has been made the subject of newspaper comment, in violation, as I conceive, of all the rules of propriety. We are neither of us public officers—neither of us seeking office—neither, as I believe, would accept office if tendered. Our private letters, therefore, are not proper subjects for public comment. It seemed right to us, in view of our friendly personal relations, to exchange opinions upon a question of great public interest; and although these opinions were not intended for the public, yet, after what has occurred, I have no alternative but to send you that part of the correspondence which I have a right to control for publication. Very respectfully,

JERE. CLEMENS.

In addition to the above correspondence from Mr. Clemens, we have procured a copy of Mr. John Van Buren's letter, which we give below, omitting a few passages merely of a personal character:

MR. VAN BUREN'S LETTER.

MY DEAR CLEMENS: * * * * The position I took on the Baltimore platform lost me the respect and esteem of some of my truest and best friends, but so long as I knew it to be wise and just I submitted to this loss without a murmur, or even an explanation, which would have saved me but injured our cause. The covenant of peace on the Slavery question entered into at Baltimore, I thought wise for the country and indispensable for the Democratic party. Northern and Southern Democrats differ, utterly differ, on the whole subject of Slavery. What, then, can be done? Why, drop the subject; it is the only way to avoid a quarrel. This was agreed to be done at Baltimore; and now, in open and palpable violation of this agreement, it is proposed to repeal or supersede the prohibition of Slavery in the Missouri Territory, and to repeal it on the ground that it is either already repealed, or never existed, that it was superseded by the compromise of 1850, or is unconstitutional. If either of the reasons be true, the act is a flagrant breach of party faith, for the assured reason that the act itself is entirely unnecessary. Could anything but a desire to buy the South at the Presidential shambles dictate such an outrage? Now there are but two men who can do any good in this crisis—one is General Cass, the other yourself. If you will agree to the Nebraska bill of last year, it will be promptly and triumphantly passed. I know General Cass is committed to the theory of non-intervention; I am sorry for it—I think the theory unsound. It is an idea of self-government, and in expressing the idea you overthrow the whole theory by imposing a government on the Territory. States have a right of self-government, Territories have not; but I don't want to argue this. General Cass can surely take this ground, *i. e.*, that the Baltimore platform forbids the enactment or repeal of any law upon the subject of Slavery; and the repeal of the Missouri prohibition is unnecessary, because General Cass thinks it unconstitutional and will leave it to the courts so to hold. These views, and the fact that the people of Nebraska want the old bill, and that the House by two to one passed it last year, and that Atchison, of the Senate, went for it, would give General Cass fair standing ground in doing what I am sure he sees to be right. You, as a Southern man, could advocate it to ensure peace and good-will for the South. It is vital to them to live up to their agreement; they would be worse off to beat us than to be beat; the sting left behind would be fatal hereafter—do you not think so? * * * Yours, truly,

J. VAN BUREN.

There is one idea in my head which I ought to have put in my letter—the theory of non-intervention, as applied to the Nebraska Territory, demands the repeal of the law prohibiting Slavery in Nebraska. The same theory of course requires the repeal of all laws of Congress establishing Slavery. Now, Slavery in the District of Columbia exists by the laws of Congress alone. The Maryland and Virginia laws upholding it are repealed. The non-intervention theory, as now construed, abolishes Slavery in the District of Columbia. Upon strict State rights doctrine, too, it would repeal the Fugitive Slave law.

Feb. 3, 1854. J. V. B.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of yesterday has just been received, and I agree with you in most of its suggestions. The less which is said upon the subject of Slavery, the better will it be for all parties, and such I am sure is the general sentiment of the South. We want nothing but to be let alone; we do not expect or desire that the people of the North should fall in love with Slavery. We believe the institution to be a good one, you think differently; let each enjoy his own opinion, and refrain from any interference with the rights or prejudices of the other. The sentiments which you have heard me express on the stump are not mine only, but those of the Southern people almost without exception. Agitation in any form is what we object to, and the politician who reanimates a subject which we fondly hoped was buried forever, miscalculates sadly if he expected to be received with favour by us.

All that I consider necessary in the Nebraska bill was that it should be an exact copy of the New Mexico bill, except, of course, the name and description of boundaries. You are aware that I am fully committed against the doctrines of Gen. Cass's Nicholson letter, yet we both voted cheerfully for the New Mexico bill. It seems to me common ground, upon which all reasonable men might stand. It left the subject of Slavery where the Constitution left it, and did not invade the province of the courts to decide in advance what that Constitution meant.

I am too much engaged with professional duties to pay much attention to politics, but I have seen enough to be certain that the Nebraska bill, as reported by Mr. Douglas, will pass, and I think I can foresee the consequences. That they will be anything but agreeable seems too clear to admit of a doubt. A floodgate will be opened, and a torrent turned loose upon the country, which will sweep away in its devastating course every vestige of the compromise of 1850. I do not speak of its immediate effects; I look beyond. For the present it may be looked upon by the South as a boon, and by a portion of the North as a triumph over fanaticism. The word peace will be upon the lips of its advocates everywhere. Like the angel of the Lord, who stood among the myrtle trees and said, "We have passed to and fro through the earth, and behold! all the earth sitteth still and is at rest," even so we shall have it proclaimed that the country is at rest—that all is peace; but I greatly fear they will soon find they have raised a spirit which will wing its way through storm and tempest to the funeral pyre of the republic.

To abide in good faith by the compromise of 1850 and the platform of Baltimore is both the post of safety and the post of honour. I repeat, we of the South ask nothing but to be let alone. We have not moved in this matter; but it is we who must suffer unless Northern men, who see and appreciate our position, will do us justice before your people. You can do this perhaps more effectually than any man at the North; and if it did not imply an unkind suspicion, I would ask you to do it. As it is, I do not doubt you, and consider the request unnecessary.

Hoping to have the pleasure of meeting you very soon, I remain, very truly, yours, &c.,

JERE. CLEMENS.

JOHN VAN BUREN, Esq., New York.

DOUGLAS CONDEMNED AT HOME.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

CHICAGO, Thursday, Feb. 9, 1854.

THE country at large will wish to know how the Nebraska bill is received at the home of its father. The whole North, of all degrees and shades of political opinion, have been or are preparing to make themselves heard upon this new trick in the game of the Presidency. Yet all this might have been expected—perhaps may be explained, for the Senator is a Giant in sophistry; and in this extremity will use all his peculiar ability. The man who gave the District Attorneyship of Illinois to a Free Soiler may, when he hears from the citizens of other States—like a flying thief—raise the cry of Abolitionism.

But the city of his residence, Chicago—numbering in its population more than any two counties of the State he claims to represent—has spoken. Through the leading men of his party—men who stood by and with him in 1850—men who commenced life in the faith of the Compromise of 1820—and have never flinched from the platforms which democracy has built—Annexation, Fugitive Slave and all—he has been rebuked. A few days since, the following call was circulated and received a large number of names:

"The undersigned citizens of Chicago, opposed to the abrogation of the restrictions and prohibitions of the Missouri Compromise Act, with a view to favour the introduction of Slavery into Nebraska Territory, would respectfully call a meeting of their fellow-citizens, at the South Market Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 7th, at 7 o'clock P. M., to consider and *protest* against any action of Congress for the repeal or modification of an act which time and the public faith have made sacred."

This call was signed by members of all parties. And, in pursuance of it, a large body of the best men in the city met. The City Hall was crowded, and there was in the countenances of those who convened, in the proceedings of the Convention, and the resolutions which were adopted, with but one dissenting voice, an unmistakable evidence that a calm, dignified, yet emphatic rebuke was intended. The meeting was organized by the election of the following officers:

The Hon. JAMES CURTISS, President.

Vice-Presidents.

Hon. Hugh T. Dickey,	Hon. Mark Skinner,
Hon. P. C. Sherman,	Col. Rich. K. Swift,
Hon. Jas. H. Woodworth,	Wm. H. Brown, Esq.,
J. Young Scammon, Esq.,	Isaac N. Arnold, Esq,
Ald. Thos. B. Dwyer,	Ald. F. A. Hoffman,
Daniel McIlroy, Esq.,	A. G. Throop,
Philip Maxwell, M.D.,	Peter Page.

Secretaries.

L. D. Hoard, H. G. Shumway, Esq.,
J. K. A. Parrish.

After the appointment and report of a Committee to draft resolutions, able and eloquent speeches were delivered by Messrs. R. S. Blackwell, Esq., S. S. Hayes, Esq., the Hon. Mark Skinner, the Hon. Hugh T. Dickey, the Hon. James Curtiss, E. C. Larned, Peter Page and Geo. Manierre, Esq.

I copy the brief report of Judge Skinner's speech, as given in the *Tribune* of this city:

"Hon. Mark Skinner said he was an Old Hunker Democrat, but he heartily endorsed the sentiments of this meeting. An attack was being made by the South on the liberty of the North. He signed the call for this meeting instinctively. His sense of duty led him to do so. His indignation had been roused by this base movement of the South and the sycophants of the North. The Compromise of 1820 had a constitutional force and sanction. It had been endorsed by the best men of the Union. If the Compromise of 1820 is repealed, that of 1850 shall go down, too, and then God only knows where the battle will end. It is bad policy to disturb the present peace and harmony. The great men of the North rescued all territory north of 36 deg. 30 min. from Slavery, and consecrated it forever to Freedom. Shall we permit it to fall back into the foul grasp of Slavery? I say No! (Enthusiastic cries of No! No! answered this appeal from every quarter of the room.) Who has caused the present agitation? It is not the Free-Soilers. No man, in Congress or out of it, ever dreamed that the Compromise of 1850 repealed that of 1820. They did not dare to hint of such a thing. It was not thought of till that *seventh* passenger in that omnibus—the Devil and all—conjured it up. He had been a warm political and personal friend to Mr. Douglas, but he was his enemy now. He had viewed his course with pride and satisfaction, but he could do so no longer. He spoke of Bissell, and of the glory he had shed upon his State by his gallantry in the Mexican War. He read from the New York *Courier and Enquirer* an article stating that Bissell, Washburn and Wentworth had all declared in opposition to the bill. Five out of our nine Representatives in the Lower House were opposed to the bill, and a few more such meetings as the present one would make them *all* opposed to it."

The following resolutions were adopted—one poor soul alone giving utterance to his Slavery proclivities by a no:

Resolved, That the clause in the bill now pending before the Congress of the United States, organizing the Territory of Nebraska, relating to Slavery, is a violation of the letter of the act of 1820, known as the Missouri Compromise, and of that moral obligation which the States owe to each other, to preserve that Compromise inviolate.

Resolved, That the passage of the bill, or any bill for the repeal or the modification of the Missouri Compromise, would tend to disturb the harmony which now exists between the North and South, create sectional distrust, and perpetual agitation of questions which have heretofore been regarded as settled by the unanimous voice of the nation.

Resolved, That we respectfully urge upon the Legislature of this State the necessity of immediately instructing our Senators and requesting our Representatives in Congress to vote against the clause of said Nebraska bill and any bill having in view the repeal or modification of the prohibitions and restrictions of the Missouri Compromise.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in all the daily papers of this city, and copies thereof be forwarded to our Senators and the Representatives in Congress from this District, and to the Speakers of our respective Legislatures.

One word as to the men who called and managed this meeting, that its effect may be felt. The Hon. James Curtiss, who acted as Chairman, has been several times elected Mayor of the City, has always supported the regular platform and tickets, has been "Hard" longer than the name has been used as a political adjective or noun. He presided, in 1850, at the meeting of citizens to sustain Judge DOUGLAS's course on the Compromise of 1850, at which the Judge made his celebrated speech, and at which the following resolution was passed, it having been prepared by the Judge himself:

Resolved, That we will stand or fall by the American Union and its Constitution, *with all its Compromises*, with its glorious memories of the past, and glorious hopes of the future.

S. S. Hays, Esq., one of the principal speakers at last night's meeting, was also one of those who addressed the meeting of 1850, and advised with Judge Douglas in the preparation of the resolutions passed at that time. The Hon. Mark Skinner and the Hon. Hugh T. Dickey are of the same class—personal friends and political supporters of Judge Douglas through evil report and good—until his last fatal step. The same is true of the Hon. R. C. Sherman, Peter Page, Dr. Maxwell, L. D. Hoard, J. K. C. Forrest (of the *Democrat*), officers of the meeting; Chas. M. Gray, the present Mayor; N. B. G. Judd, the present Senator from this District; H. Zimmerman, and hosts of others who signed the call and might be named.

There was at the meeting—although every opportunity was offered—but one who lifted his voice in favour of Douglas or the Nebraska scheme, and he was our Postmaster, Isaac Cook, who undertook to frighten the Democracy by informing them that he had recently returned from Washington, and that the bill was an Administration measure.

DOUGLAS IMPARTIALLY JUDGED.

WE who condemn the villany of which Mr. Douglas now stands before the world as the chief advocate, may possibly be accused of prejudice and partisan feeling, growing out of the fact that on most, if not all, political questions it has uniformly been our fortune to be entirely opposed to him. But no such accusation can be brought against *Le Republican*, an able French journal of this City, which has hitherto been wont to hold up the Senator from Illinois as a great prophet of Democracy and universal Progress. His scheme for the extension of Slavery is, however, too much for our French contemporary. Unlike Mr. Douglas and Mr. John Mitchel, its Democracy does not include negro-driving as one of its fundamental principles; and it revolts at the last intrigue of this smallest of "giants" in the following decided language.—*Tribune.*

[Translated from Le Republican of this City.]

Mr. Douglas and the State of Illinois.

"Ambition to be President is the reason why Mr. Douglas aims to repeal the Compromise of 1820. To constitute himself the apologist and propagandist of Slavery, wearing at the same time the badge of democracy, is for the purpose of catching Southern votes. The desire to be chief Magistrate of the Republic causes him to trample on right, justice and liberty. With the same end, others, before Mr. Douglas, have acted similarly. Did not Daniel Webster contribute in 1850 to adopt execrable laws in favour of Slavery, which his conscience must have condemned, and his intelligence doubtless rejected? His conscience certainly; for we know nothing more cruel in human history than the extradition of fugitives claiming their inalienable liberty, and that with less formality than in restoring a dog or a pig which has escaped an enclosure. His intelligence we say likewise: for that was too keen for him not to comprehend that the privilege accorded to the Territories of Utah and New Mexico to establish Slavery to the North of 36 deg. 30 min. would not fail to be interpreted as annulling *ipso facto* the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Douglas probably has no struggles with a conscience seared with remorse, nor with his intelligence, cultivated in the narrow mental circle which Illinois offers.

"This free State regrets, it is said, to be deprived of Slavery, first by the ordinance of 1787, and afterward by the Compromise of 1820. The code which her Legislature has promulgated against the coloured population surpasses all we know of what is hideous and revolting in South Carolina and Alabama.

"Here is an extract from the code:

"'Every person who brings into the State a man or woman of colour, free or slave, will be fined from one to five hundred dollars, and will be imprisoned for not more than one year.'

"An amendment, however, in favour of planters permits them to cross the State with slaves, not forfeiting their property, as is in the case in New York and other free States.

"Every person of colour, irrespective of sex, age or occupation, who stays ten days within the boundaries of this State, is liable to a fine of $50. In default of payment, he will be sold to the highest bidder, paying fines and expenses; the proceeds of such sale to be divided equally between the informer and the charitable foundations of the place.

"Every person born with one-fourth of black blood is considered a negro or mulatto.

"These atrocious laws which deprive a man of his liberty because he has not fifty dollars at command; the laws which appear to belong to a bygone era and to a people at once pagan and savage; these laws, which outrage our century, our Christianity, and our civilization, bear the date of February 12, 1853!

"Such is the Democracy of the State of Illinois. Is not Mr. Douglas worthy of representing it? When he dilates on the individual sovereignty of the States, we understand what he means by his redundant rhetoric. He wishes to establish a despotism devoid of shame and mercy, by means of a popular vote; he wishes to rate humanity as just worth fifty dollars; he wishes to assimilate Illinois to all the free States of the Union!

"If Alexander Dumas should be so foolish as to come to the United States, let him take precious good care not to set foot on the soil of Illinois! If on his arrival he should lose his pocket-book, he would be sold to the highest bidder, maugre his immense talents, simply because he is quarter negro-blood! His being a Frenchman would not save him, for, according to Douglas and his long 'tail,' the stigma of colour would not only place him without the the pale of nationality but of humanity.

"Is such an enormous prejudice conceivable in the bosom of this American Republic? Yes, if we take into account a vicious education of Mr. Douglas received in iniquitous atmosphere which he has breathed

"If this ambitious man ever obtains to the Presidential chair, he is capable of cutting as queer a figure in some of his diplomatic relations as did Mehement Ali in the following named instance:

"An English Jew was arbitrarily incarcerated for a day by the Egyptian authorities. Having got out of prison, he obtained through the endeavours of the English Consul exemplary damages. The famous Pasha thereupon excused himself by saying: 'I did not know 'and cannot yet comprehend that a Jew can be an 'Englishman.'

"Mr. Douglas and the legislators of Illinois seem to be ignorant that men of colour belong

But if because of the colour of the victims of American oppression, you have so stoutly refused to listen to the oft-repeated story of their wrongs, then I apprehend the American champions of freedom have a far nobler idea of it, and a far higher claim than yours. While your O'Gormans, your Meaghers, your Dillons, and Mitchels, would buy, sell, hold and flog oppressed Americans, our Wards, Douglasses, Penningtons, Smiths and Garnetts, true champions of freedom, would at one blow strike the fetters from off the limbs of the oppressed of every hue or clime on earth.

Is it because they are black that you would do this thing? And because they are black, is liberty to them less dear? Because they are black are they less fitted to have, and enjoy, or exercise its privileges? Comparisons between the black and Irish populations are as distasteful to me as the subject of American freedom is to you; but since you force it upon me, then listen! Who better than you, Sir, knows that, notwithstanding the powerful influences of the Press, and every other human machinery conceivable set in operation to aid and boost up the Irish in America, the veriest slave in Alabama, or the lowest free black that basks in the shades of the North, is not so low sunken as are thousands of this same Irish population, this day, here in democratic America; so do the instincts of degradation cling to them; while on the other hand thousands of coloured Americans have a far higher appreciation of liberty, and a juster estimate of true manhood, than the most cultivated of Irishmen, if the sentiments I have quoted from your paper may be taken as a fair criterion?

Go visit the dens and hovels of your countrymen here in free America; though with all the advantages of her institutions; with friends at every door to help them—persuade them—nay, even pull them up; and observe the poverty and filth in which they still wallow. I have seen more wretchedness and misery beneath one Irish roof than you, Sir, can find within any twenty abodes of coloured people in either of the cities of New York, Brooklyn or Williamsburg.

Go to our Alms House and Prisons, to our Societies for relief, to the cold and dreary lanes of our cities, and tell me, if you will, the result of your examination. The occasional shrunken black you will chance to meet, whose whole long life has been of bitter servitude and neglect, will hardly compensate for the numbers of your own miserable countrymen stumbled over at every turn; nor yet answer as an offset to the thrifty class of the coloured population fast rising in these cities.

Go, count the innumerable groggeries—those sinks of death that infest certain localities of our cities, and the bloated forms you shall there find; follow them to their abodes, and witness the bruised limbs and blackened eyes of their wives and children—behold in yonder shanty the clotted blood-pool, and listen to the stifled death-groan; follow thence to the very jaws of the gallows, and then write with the same pen you did the notorious paragraph I have quoted, what manner of men these are.

Are these the ones whom you would own, buy, sell and flog in America? I pray you, go back, Sir, if your parole of honour or privilege allow you, to your haughty European oppressors, and get them to change their forms of tyranny, if they can; and you may, perchance, buy, sell and flog there a class as yet far lower down in the scale of humanity than the coloured people of America, whom you so wantonly set upon, yet who are nobly struggling to throw off the yoke, and break their chains; and who, when this is done, will be ready, if need be, to assist the struggling millions of Europe, whether they be found in the dungeon, on the auction-block or beneath the lash on the potato plantation of some Irish oppressor. A COLOURED AMERICAN.
—*Tribune.*

FORMER OPINIONS OF MR. PIERCE.

THE opinions formerly held by President Pierce, will be read with some interest at the present crisis:

"He had only to say now, what he had always said, that HE REGARDED SLAVERY AS ONE OF THE GREATEST MORAL AND SOCIAL EVILS—A CURSE UPON THE WHOLE COUNTRY, AND THIS HE BELIEVED TO BE THE SENTIMENT OF ALL MEN, OF ALL PARTIES, AT THE NORTH.

"He was free to admit that he had himself approached this subject of annexation (of Texas) with all his prejudices and prepossessions against it, and on ONE GROUND ALONE—ITS SLAVERY FEATURE. His convictions on this subject were, as has been stated, strong—not the result of any new light, but deeply fixed and abiding. THE ONLY DIFFICULTY IN HIS MIND EVER HAD BEEN, THAT OF A RECOGNITION BY ANY NEW ACT OF OUR GOVERNMENT OF THE INSTITUTION OF DOMESTIC SLAVERY, and he had found it extremely difficult to bring his mind to a condition, impartially to weight the argument for and against the measure."—(General Pierce's Speech in reply to John P. Hale, at the North Church, Concord, June 5, 1845, as reported in the New Hampshire *Patriot*, of June 12, 1845.

"The Democracy of the North NEVER DID indorse the doctrine (of Cass's Nicholson letter) and they NEVER WILL. The democracy of this State are UNANIMOUS in the opinion, so far as we know, that CONGRESS HAS AND SHOULD EXERCISE THE POWER AND EXCLUDE SLAVERY FROM CALIFORNIA AND NEW MEXICO."—[*N. H. Patriot, July* 27, 1849.

"I WOULD TAKE THE GROUND OF THE NON-EXTENSION OF SLAVERY—THAT SLAVERY SHOULD NOT BECOME STRONGER. But Congress have only re-enacted the old law of 1793. Union-loving men, desiring peace and loving their country, conceded that point—UNWILLINGLY CONCEDED IT—and planting themselves upon this law against the outburst of popular feeling, resisted the agitation which is assaulting all who stand up for their country. But the gentleman says that the law is obnoxious! WHAT SINGLE THING IS THERE CONNECTED WITH SLAVERY THAT IS NOT OBNOXIOUS? EVEN THE GENTLEMAN FROM MARLBORO' [Dr. Batcheller, an ultra Abolitionist] CANNOT FEEL MORE DEEPLY THAN I DO ON THIS SUBJECT," &c.—[General Pierce's Speech in the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention, Jan. 1, 1851.

Mr. Pierce after uttering the above Anti-Slavery sentiments, is now engaged with Douglas in playing a convict part to break in upon the repose of the Union, perhaps to sever it, in order to be re-elected by the voice of the South. Mr. Douglas has already been exposed as eating his lying words on the Compromise. Mr. Pierce is equally false as shown by the above. Mr. Pierce formerly could not find one "single thing connected with Slavery that was not obnoxious;" now he is engaged in seeking to spread the same Slavery over a new empire! Thank Heaven, there is a recording press to show up such villainy! Let its condemnation fly on the wings of the myriad sheets that cannot be enslaved!—*Ibid.*

PROSPECTS OF THE NEBRASKA BILL.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Feb. 11, 1854.

THE opponents of the Nebraska iniquity have had their hopes revived within a few days past. The machinery which was arranged to carry the bill through both Houses without debate has given way somewhere. So much is certain. The air and demeanour of Douglas, too, for a few days has been that of a man whose plans have been frustrated. Gen. Cass falls at one point and Senator Rusk at another, and so the dogs are broken. This disheartens the friends of the bill in the Senate and re-acts upon the leaders in the House. And the proceedings of legislatures, public meetings, petitions, letters, and the spirit of the press come in to deepen the gloom among the conspirators. Instead of having a vote to-day in the Senate, as was confidently expected it is now not improbable that the debate may run on for two weeks more. The speeches of Messrs. Wade and Smith cannot be allowed by the South to go forth without rejoinders, and it is said that Senator Hunter has at last felt himself compelled to enter the lists. We may expect an able speech from him, on the wrong side. Gen. Cass has had his speech in type for several days, ready to come out at the proper time. Mr. Seward is also nearly ready. His speech I think will cover ground as yet wholly unoccupied by those who have spoken against the bill, and, like all his speeches it will be historical, logical, compact and conclusive. Mr. Toucey, of Connecticut, also intends to speak on the bill, and Mr. Clayton begins to manifest a disposition to give us *his* opinion. So that with Messrs. Houston, Weller, Toombs, Badger, Benjamin, Pettit, Sumner, who are all pretty certain to speak, there is a fair prospect of a fortnight's respite at least, from the impending doom. In the meantime, what interpositions, providential or otherwise, may occur to avert it altogether, it is impossible to foresee. There are many members of the House who, without any substantial grounds for it, feel confident that the bill can never pass that body. I think it is not too much to say that it depends almost wholly upon the action of the people of the North. A member of the House said to me the other day that he was daily receiving letters from his constituents, inquiring what he was doing against Nebraska in Congress, and that his reply was to all such inquiries—"What are *you* doing?" The people are hardly aware how anxiously and intently their representatives watch the current of popular feeling at home. The meetings in Boston and Chicago, and the election of Fessenden to the Senate by the Maine Legislature, strike the right chords here, I assure you. On Monday or Tuesday, probably, the resolutions of the New York Legislature will reach the Senate, and coming from so large a majority of the representatives of so large a State their effect cannot be smothered or lost. It is but justice to say that the Northern members of Congress in both Houses, those who speak and those who do not, are untiring and faithful in their exertions to defeat this perfidious scheme. I mean, of course, those Northern members whom the people have been wont in days past to look upon as true men. I have never seen such painful anxiety pervading that class of men before.

Questions relating to the Tariff, Internal Improvements and the like, sink into insignificance, or, in fact, they are all embodied in this one great question. It is simply a decision, whether our whole country shall bear in its general relations to education, internal improvements, enterprise and morals the character of Virginia, or that of New York and New England. For if this bill passes, the relative positions of the Free and Slave States will be reversed. It is this view of the case that impresses itself upon all the most intelligent and far-seeing statesmen here. I may also add that there is a perfect harmony of feeling among all the real opponents of the bill, regardless of all former distinctions. The names of Whig, Democrat and Free Soil are obliterated for the time, at least on this question. All stand upon one platform now.

BLACK HEROES.

JOHN RANDOLPH, in one of his philippics against the doughfaces of the North, said the South would "drive them to the wall, and nail them like base coin to the counter." It is not often that a whole people will lick the dust of one hundred and fifteen thousand negro-drivers, for the number—men, women, and minors—cannot exceed that, but so it is now, as exemplified by the slave-bill before the Senate. The test of Democracy now is war on the negro—spread the area of freedom by the clanking of chains and cracking of overseer's whips, and that is manifest destiny. It was not so formerly. It was not so when Jefferson, in the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, made a prime charge against George III., that he had forced slaves on the Colonies against their will. It was not so when during the war a Black Battalion was raised for the defence of our liberties. And as amid the whirl and roar of present events, those of the past having important bearings on our immediate times are overlooked, we may, opportunely to the debate in the Senate, which is on the question whether a new country larger than most European States is to be handed over to the vilest despotism flourishing under that sham Democracy, relate a few facts respecting the aid which this same defrauded, scourged and manacled negro race rendered us during the war, whose happy termination made us a nation.

When the privations experienced by the American Army created great obstacles towards its recruitment, Connecticut determined to trust her black population with bayonets to aid in this great cause. A nephew of Gen. Washington, Capt. Humphreys—take notice, sham Democrats of the XIXth century—a nephew of Gen. Washington, acting under the inspirations of his immortal uncle—commanded this battalion. Take notice, likewise, that their courage was equal to that of the white regulars, and American gentlemen who had at first held back from taking commissions, finding how matters were going, assumed commands as readily of the black companies as if they had been pure Caucasian blood. The following is a list of some of the names of these black heroes, who belonged to the second company, ninth regiment, of the Connecticut line of the Revolutionary army. The simplicity of most of their names cannot excite a smile, though it may draw a patriotic tear:

Jack Arabus,	Andrew Jack,
Bristen Parker,	Alex. Judd,
Ceason Bagdon,	Shubael Johnson,
Phineas Strong,	Peter Lyon,
Jesse Vose,	Cuff Liberty,
Lent Munson,	Jack Little,
Isaac Higgins,	Dick Freedom,
Sharp Camp,	Harry Williams,
Job Cæsar,	Dick Violet,
Cæsar Chapman,	John Ball,
James Dinah	John Cleaveland,
Ned Freedom,	John McLane,
Philo Freeman,	Gamelia Ferry,
Peper Freeman,	Ned Fields,
Tom Freeman,	Daniel Bradly,
Cuff Freeman,	Herman Rodgers,
Juba Freeman,	Lewis Martin,
Peter Gibbs,	Joe Etis,
Prince George,	John Rodgers,
Peter Mix,	Ezekial Tupham,
Hector Williams,	Solomon Lowtice,
Cato Wilbrow,	Congo Zado,
Cato Robinson,	Juba Dyer,
Prince Johnson,	Prince Crosby,
Peter Morande,	Pomp Liberty,
Tim Cæsar,	Samson Cuff,
Pomp Cyrus,	Bill Sowers,
Pomp McCuff,	Shapp Rogers.

Now, if the sham Democracy of the XIXth century had hold of these black men, who fought and bled for their country, in return for their glorious services they would be hunted by two-legged or four-legged Blood-hounds, and would be kept to breed slaves for the newer markets, and thus confirm their shame and sorrow by extending Slavery through the new empires.

Listen, people of the North! All this conspiracy against human nature is transacted by one hundred and fifteen thousand slave owners, whose votes and influence Douglas and his rivals seek as the road to Presidential honours. But to get these votes they wade and wallow in a sea of falsehood. As Senator Benton said, any man that asserted he intended in 1850 to invalidate the Compromise of 1820, lied, so we may say in plain English: these men are all villains unwhipt of justice who attempt, under any pretence, to create a new slave empire north of 36 deg. 30 min.—*Tribune.*

JUDGE WILMOT ON THE NEBRASKA QUESTION.

JUDGE WILMOT is in the field again, called out by the question which has just began to agitate the Union. He lately appeared before a meeting of the citizens of his district, and bore an emphatic testimony against the enormity of the Nebraska bill.

In the struggle which this profligate scheme has awakened, we fear we can hope but for little aid from the poor old spiritless State of Pennsylvania. In all political controversies of importance, Pennsylvania, as represented in Congress, generally contrives to be in the wrong. The politicians of that State seem, as a general rule, to be unprincipled beyond the general character of their tribe; and even when pretending to belong to the Democratic party, they are very apt to oppose its best measures, and disregard its best-settled maxims. In Judge Wilmot's district, however, the people are right on the Nebraska question.

"The member from this District," says a correspondent, writing from that part of Pennsylvania, "will stand firm to his duty, and the people of this district will deal a harder blow upon Douglas, should he ever expose himself to their resentment, than they gave Cass in 1848. I feared, from the first, that the division and fight in the State of New York would drive a nerveless Administration to some desperate act, in order to purge itself from the suspicions of the South, and thereby head off its enemies."

In another part of this sheet will be found a letter from Judge Wilmot, speaking of the meditated outrage in terms which so gross a wrong naturally suggests to an honest man.—*Evening Post.*

Judge Wilmot's Letter.

The following letter has been sent by Judge Wilmot to the committee of arrangements for the meeting held in this city to protest against the Nebraska bill:

TOWANDA, Pa., February 4, 1854.

GENTLEMEN: The letter of invitation with which you honoured me to attend a meeting of the citizens of New York, without distinction of party, on the 30th ultimo, to protest against a violation of the Missouri Compromise, reached this place during my absence from home, and was not received by me until late last evening. Fearing my silence might be construed into disapprobation of the object of the meeting, I am constrained to reply even at this late day, and to avail myself of the opportunity your invitation affords, to place on record my condemnation of the enormous wrong threatened the country and posterity, by the repeal of a compact that has been held inviolable by the American people for two generations. It is now one-third of a century since the compact was ratified, under circumstances of imposing solemnity, that gave to it an obligation scarcely second to the demands of the Constitution itself. Its repeal would be a virtual change of that instrument; as it would reverse the uniform interpretation it has received in every department of the government, from its organization down to the inauguration of the present administration.

Whence comes this unexpected and startling assault upon the vital interests and guarantied rights of the free States? Through what instrumentalities is it expected to consummate the deed of wickedness and shame? Slavery emboldened by recent triumphs, and calculating upon the broken spirit of the North, strikes this deadly blow at the progress and development of free institutions; instigated to the attack, encouraged and led on by the treachery of northern men, who would barter their country's future and the highest interests of humanity for a brief day of official power. The demoralizing temptations of future preferment—the seductive appliances of present patronage—threatenings and denunciations, wherewith to overawe the timid and irresolute, are the potential agencies upon which Slavery builds its confident hopes of success. It is believed that all those of the free States, whose integrity and moral strength place them beyond the reach of these influences can be overwhelmed by the revilings of a perverted public opinion; that the voice of manly protest against aggression the most flagitious can be effectually silenced by partisan clamour and a subsidized press.

Were it believed possible that the freemen of the North could be aroused to that indignant energy—that stern, unbending resistance, so urgently demanded by the crisis—the authors and abettors of this conspiracy against God and mankind would skulk from the impending rebuke, and call upon the mountains to cover their shame. The proposition to repeal the Missouri Compromise is, in itself, a burning infamy; and it carries with it an infamous imputation upon the character and patriotism of our people.

These covenant-breakers act upon the assumption that we are so demoralized by the spirit of Mammon that we value material above moral interests; so debased by low and selfish desires that we love the honours and profits of office more than we love the glory and welfare of our country.

I have read with deep interest the proceedings of the meeting held at the Tabernacle. The high character of the men who participated in it, the dignity and firmness of its resolves, afford grounds of encouraging hope that the North will at length become "aroused to the defence of its rights." The magnitude of the issue cannot be over-estimated.

The result will fix the character and condition of our country for all coming time. If the barrier erected against Slavery in the Missouri Compromise be broken down, then, indeed, will the institutions established by our fathers be subverted; and on the ruins will grow up a mighty slave oligarchy, overshadowing and controlling the destinies of the continent. An inexorable and remorseless despotism will rule, as with a rod of iron, that land consecrated by blood to freedom and oppressed humanity.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
DAVID WILMOT.

To Shepherd Knapp, Esq., and others.

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

IT would be a good thing for politicians in pursuit of place, if, like Indians on a scouting party, they could cover up their footsteps as they go onward, and make it impossible for their pursuers to follow up their track and detect their weakness. But, unfortunately, the files of the press reveal their windings and doublings, and enable all who read to tell whither tend their crooked paths.

Senator Douglas, we imagine, unless furnished with a mask of triple brass, would like to bury in the depths of Lake Michigan all evidences of his former devotion to Northern rights and the Missouri Compromise. But his tergiversations cannot be allowed to sink out of sight at this moment. Nine years ago he not only spoke and voted for what he now calls "unconstitutional and void," but offered it himself three successive times. In 1850 he pronounced the compromise of 1820 a "glorious memory of the past," to which "he was prepared to cling with the tenacity of life." Only one year ago he reported a Nebraska bill which did not interfere with the Missouri Compromise. We never have met with an instance in which a desirable circumstance so completely altered a political case, and, we may add, conscience, as in this one. We find in the *Congressional Globe:*

In January, 1845, when Mr. Douglas was a member of the House of Representatives, the House being in Committee of the Whole on the Texas question,

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, moved to amend the amendment of Mr. Weller by substituting therefor the resolutions he had the honour to introduce a few days since.

The resolutions of Mr. Douglas are in the following words;

Joint resolutions for the re-annexation of Texas to the United States, in conformity with the treaty of 1803, for the purchase of Louisiana.

Whereas, &c. * * *

8th. And be it further resolved, That nothing herein contained shall be construed to affect, or in any way interfere with, the sixth section of the act approved of the sixth of March, 1820, admitting the State of Missouri into the Union, and commonly called the Missouri Compromise, that act having passed and approved prior to the ratification of the treaty commonly called the Texas treaty by which Texas was ceded to Spain.

And later:

The question being on the joint resolution to admit Texas into the Union,

Mr. Milton Brown, of Tennessee, submitted the following as an amendment to it: Strike out amendment of Mr. Weller to the orginal resolution, and insert as follows:

Joint resolution declaring the terms on which Congress will admit Texas into the Union as a State.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.

* * * * *

Third, New States of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to said State of Texas, and having sufficient population, may hereafter, by the consent of said State, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the federal Constitution. And such States as may be formed out of that portion of said territory lying south of 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri Compromise line, shall be admitted into the Union, with or without Slavery, as the people of each State asking admission may desire.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, asked the gentleman from Tennessee to accept the following as a modification of his amendment, to come in after the last clause:

And in such States as shall be formed out of said territory, north of said Missouri Compromise line, Slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, shall be prohibited.

Mr. M. Brown accepted the modification.

The Speaker announced the question to be on agreeing to the amendment.

Mr. Vinton called for the yeas and nays, and they were ordered.

The question was then taken by yeas and nays, and resulted, yeas 118, nays 101.

This was the opinion of Representative Douglas nine years ago. In 1850 he voted for the celebrated compromise of that year. These measures not finding entire favour in the eyes of his constituents, he found it necessary to defend his vote in an address to them. In the course of it, he said:

"I am prepared to stand or fall by the American Union, clinging with the tenacity of life to all its glorious memories of the past, and the precious hopes of the future, and among those glorious memories of the past, *I pronounce the compromise of* 1820 *to be one.*"

"With the tenacity of life." If the Senator meant political life, he has prophesied his own fate. He has abandoned that "glorious memory of the past," and in so doing has committed political suicide.—*Evening Post.*

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF FREEMAN.

THE *Indiana Free Democrat* contains an appeal to the public, in behalf of John Freeman, a victim of Fugitive law, whose case, last summer, was familiar to our readers. The appeal contains a minute statement of the expenses to which Freeman was subjected, during a false imprisonment of sixty-eight days, and in procuring testimony from Georgia, to save himself from Slavery, on the claim of Pleasant Ellington, of Missouri.

The case is one of great hardship. Freeman was imprisoned; and although bail to the amount of $10,000 was offered, by the the best citizens of Indianapolis, it was refused; and his detention in jail until he had time to procure evidence of freedom was only allowed on condition that he himself should pay three dollars a day for a guard to watch the prison! If he had been accused of murder, the State would have paid the expenses! But on a charge of being a slave, he had to foot the bill of his imprisonment! Ellington brought forward false witnesses to prove him his slave; which subjected him to the necessity of sending to Georgia for witnesses to prove himself a freeman. Citizens of Georgia came on, at the expense of Freeman, but generously sacrifising their time, to testify in his behalf. Providentially, also, the slave of Ellington was found in Canada, in time to save Freeman from the possibility of being adjudged Ellington's property. All this overwhelming testimony made Ellington shrink from the trial, and assent to his discharge, after he had expended *one thousand one hundred and ninety one dollars*, in his imprisonment and defence. The money was borrowed from a bank, and his little property, accumulated by hard labour, under the disabilities of Indiana laws and the prejudices of caste there existing, was mortgaged to secure its repayment. Under ordinary circumstances, the claimant would have been liable for the costs; and an honourable, high-minded man, such as the religious profession of Ellington ought to have developed, would have done something for his relief. But not so under the Fugitive law; not so Pleasant Ellington, the Missouri slaveholder and religious teacher. A suit was instituted for false imprisonment, but Ellington, notwithstanding he acknowledged his error in claiming Freeman, put in a plea that Freeman was his slave, and on one pretence or another swore off the trial, and evidently with a purpose of worrying Freeman, and compelling him to abandon the suit through exhaustion of his means to prosecute it.

The Fugitive Law enables him to do Freeman this great wrong, and baffle his endeavours to obtain redress. And yet, says the *Ohio State Journal*, "The result of this case shows that under the Fugitive law the coloured man is sure to obtain justice!!!"

Freeman's means are exhausted, and his little property pledged to the bank. Under these circumstances, the citizens of Indianapolis make an appeal to the public on his behalf. The appeal is specially addressed to the Ministers and Churches of Indiana and Georgia; but all friends of Freedom and Justice are called upon to contribute to relieve Freeman and his friends from their liabilities. Any one disposed to do so, can address his attorney, J. MITCHELL, Esq., at Indianapolis.

It is well to occasionally recount these hateful circumstances of oppression under the sanction of law, lest we become callous to the claims of justice, and lose our hatred of the wrong and oppression "sanctified" by the legislation of our country.—*Columbian.*

Remittances should be directed to CALVIN FLETCHER, President of the Branch Bank, in this city, instead of Mr. Mitchell, as stated in the above. Mr. Mitchell is not the attorney of Freeman, but has taken a lively interest in his behalf. He it was who drew up the appeal to the Ministers and Churches of Indiana and Georgia, which we published a week or two since, and for which he deserves the thanks of the friends of humanity. But we think in making the statement, he was rather inclined to smooth over and cover up the iniquities of the Fugitive Slave Law, the cause of all of Freeman's troubles. This may do as a matter of policy when appealing to Hunkers, and citizens of slaveholding States who are directly interested in the continuance of the law. But so long as that law remains, there will be continually happening cases similar to Freeman's, and many of greater hardship than his. He had the benefit of the most liberal construction that could be given to the law; the Commissioner did not dispose of his case in a "summary" manner as that law directs, but gave him ample time in which to procure testimony and defend his freedom. What the consequence would have been but for the fact of his having money to defend himself with, and the trial being postponed, is very evident to any one acquainted with the history of the case; and that is, he would have have had to take a trip South. He owes his freedom to the fact of his having been possessed of some property at the time of his arrest, and the sense of justice and humanity of Commissioner Sullivan in granting him time, contrary to the letter and spirit of the Fugitive law, in which to hunt up testimony of his freedom; and not to any merit of the Fugitive act. He has preserved his freedom, but at the sacrifice of his property, unless the amount which he is liable for shall be made up by the contributions of benevolent individuals. We hope it may. But, at the same time, we object to any apologies for the Fugitive Slave Law, thereby justifying its continuance, and multiplying cases of similar hardship so long as it remains a law. John Freeman has been "unfortunate," but his misfortune has been the direct result of a wicked and inhuman enactment, and upon its authors rests the guilt of his oppression; and, as we verily believe, God will hold them accountable for it.—*Indiana Free Dem.*

THE NEBRASKA BILL.

Editorial Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Feb. 13, 1854.

THE Nebraska bill kills everything here in the shape of business before Congress stone dead; and, as things now stand, so will they remain to the end. If the bill shall be defeated, something may hereafter be done; but if it be successful, then adieu to every expectation of Pacific Railroads, River and Harbour bills, or anything else. All Congress will then be up to the war point, and nothing will go through. Fierce dissensions will have arisen between the members, and Washington will howl again. The excitement is already intense, and deepening every hour. Southern men are no less denunciatory of the movement in private circles than are those of the North. They declare the South did not ask for, would not have proposed, and does not want, the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise; but, as Northern men, backed and urged on by a Northern President, have introduced and recommended the measure, they are not going to refuse the boon. It is in view of the impending storm, and of the outrageous swindle of the transaction, that they condemn its authors. Indeed, the tone of feeling is such as to encourage the belief that the whole crew of conspirators will be ultimately crushed by the scorn and indignation of both North and South, and perish in the storm of their own raising. It is a result richly due to such traitorous conduct as theirs; and if so righteous a retribution should fall upon their heads, it would be a proper subject for national thanksgiving.

But how strange is it that among so many Southern gentlemen in Congress who would gladly see this bill defeated, and who, among themselves, do not hesitate to deplore its introduction, and condemn its atrocity, none are to be found who dare openly vote against it! We say none. There may be a few. Indeed, circumstances may arise which may deprive the bill of quite a number of Southern votes. But they cannot now be counted upon. Everywhere the cowardly excuse is given that to vote against the bill would be to court swift political destruction at home. Or as a member, in speaking of the subject to-day, said, "I might as well go upon the dome of the Capitol and throw myself down upon the pavement." * * * What is wanted is action, *action*, ACTION. The North must rouse in its might and its majesty. The People must declare themselves. The infamous scheme must fall, if it falls at all, before the direct assaults of the People. It must be stunned by their blows and be blasted by their maledictions. It is no time for apathy and no time for soft words. Congress was never more sensitive to the public voice than it is to-day upon this measure. Its attention is on the alert and its ears are wide open. Let them be filled with the accumulated thunders of universal condemnation of this atrocious aggression upon the Free States. Let those thunders roll till they shake the pillars of the Capitol, and resound throughout the Continent. Public meetings should be everywhere held, petitions should be everywhere circulated. Every hand should be raised and every tongue should be loosened against this crowning infamy. Let the united voices of the millions of the Free States rise and swell like the increasing roar of the nearing cataract, until they shall drown every caitiff note of approval of this monster fraud, and till every ear in Washington shall feel as though it were pierced by the sound of an archangel's trumpet.

There is time. The bill will hardly get out of the Senate till March, and in the House the delay will be endless. Of the majority now assumed to exist in that body in its favour, there are enough that hate it, who will give its opponents all the latitude in their opposition that is required.

Indeed, the prospect is that the consideration of the bill will absorb half or two-thirds of the session. Once in the House, it will be whirled as in a maelstrom; and if it be ultimately saved from the engulfing abyss of defeat, it will only be brought to land after long and weary efforts, amid storm and tempest, and in the thick darkness of midnight rendered lurid by the fierce opposition it will encounter.

But the opponents of the bill should not be forced by the apathy of the People to violent and unavailing extremities. The monster can be slain. Let it be done. J. S.-P.)

THE WILKESBARRE CASE.—In the United States Circuit Court yesterday morning, Judge Kane delivered an opinion in relation to the matter argued before him on habeas corpus yesterday, in which the three Deputy Marshals asked to be discharged from the custody of the Sheriff. The Judge held to the principles of law contained in the opinion of Judge Grier, when this case was before him, and said that he could see no good reason for departing from that opinion now. The officers of the United States were to be protected in the performances of their legitimate duties; but if it could be shown that they had used excess, this might be done in an action against them. The Judge concluded to receive the affidavits presented by the counsel for Bill Thomas, in order to obtain the facts in the case. He desired pltfs. counsel to show how they connect the defts. with the acts of violence complained of in the affidavits.

D. P. Brown then read the affidavits, and commented upon the facts recited therein. He said the relators' petition was indefinitely drawn.

Judge Kane said, that as far as he could discover, in the affidavits, Deputy Marshal Jenkins admitted that he was an officer of the United States, while in Wilkesbarre, but not that he had committed any violence upon Bill Thomas. As to the petition of the relators, it appeared to have been drawn with great care and precision.

Mr. Ashmead said, that the petition denied an assault and battery, on the part of the officers, and alleged that they were violently resisted by Bill Thomas and others in the performance of their duties.

Mr. Brown went on to argue the sufficiency of the affidavits at some length.

Judge Kane said, he would again examine the affidavits, and if he did not find sufficient therein to alter the opinion he now entertained, he would not require another argument from the District Attorney. On Tuesday next he is to give his decision.—*Phil. Register.*

SLAVE LAW IN LOUISIANA.—The Supreme Court of Louisiana recently decided a question of some importance. It was the case of

Eulalie and her children f. p. c. vs. Long & Mabry.

Held—That persons of colour, who have been in the enjoyment of their liberty for a sufficient length of time to acquire their freedom by prescription are entitled to claim such freedom on this ground alone, and it is no valid objection to the claim that the State of Louisiana has, by special laws, provided for the manner of emancipating slaves.

These special laws do not abrogate the 3,510th Art. C. C. which prescribes one of the modes in which liberty may be acquired, and deprives the owner of a slave of the right of holding him in bondage after he has been permitted to enjoy his freedom ten years, if the master was present, and twenty years if absent from the State.

FACTS—The plaintiff sues for the recovery of her freedom and that of her children and grand children, averring that she has enjoyed it for forty-five years, during which period her children and grandchildren were born, and that, after enjoying it, certain armed persons, to her unknown, seized her and her children by force and transferred them to defendants, who now claim them as their slaves. To this petition defendants excepted, alleging that it set forth no cause of action, maintaining that in Louisiana slaves could only obtain their liberty by emancipation in the form provided by special laws. The inferior court sustained the exception and dismissed the plaintiff's petition. This decision was reversed by the Supreme Court, who, as it appears to us, properly held that the special laws invoked only provided for one mode of acquiring freedom, with the right of remaining in the State, and did not purport to abolish all other modes of obtaining liberty by slaves. It is, however, not yet decided if a slave who has acquired his liberty by prescription will be permitted to remain in the State. This is obviously a question depending on other and far different principles, to be governed by the policy of the State in relation to free coloured persons.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1854.

THE Boston Mail having been detained by fog, we are compelled, at the last moment, to fill with other matter the space usually assigned to the Corresponding Editor. It is not often that that worthy gentleman gets befogged, and we have little doubt that he will make his way safe to land in due time.

MR. GARRISON'S LECTURE.

ON Tuesday evening, Wm. Lloyd Garrison delivered the Tenth Lecture of the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Course, in the Broadway Tabernacle. In spite of the abounding mud in the streets, a dense fog and a penetrating mist, the audience was large, thus showing that many of the citizens of New York were not only willing but anxious to see and hear the man whose trumpet-tones first startled the nation from the guilty slumber that followed the contest of 1820. For the first time in many years Mr. Garrison delivered a written discourse, but the reading was marked by all the earnestness of extemporaneous eloquence, and the attention of the audience was riveted by his impressive words for an hour and a half, interrupted only by the hearty applause which followed some of the most striking passages.

The speaker set forth the radical doctrines of "Garrisonian Abolitionism," vindicating their soundness and wisdom, and answering many of the objections urged against them. To use his own words, he made "a clean breast of it," avowing in the most emphatic manner his hostility to the Union as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," an unholy compact, by which the North, for certain supposed advantages of a pecuniary nature, had voluntarily chained herself to the car of Slavery. If such avowals were not cheered, they were at least heard with a serious attention never before awarded to them in New York—an attention, moreover, that evinced at least a willingness to inquire whether, after all, they are not sober truths rather than reckless and rampant fanaticism. It is not four years since, in the same house, and on the same spot, Mr. Garrison's voice was drowned in the hisses of a mob while uttering the same doctrines, and the press of the city, with only one important exception, virtually applauded those who thus trampled upon the sacred Right of Free Speech. On Tuesday evening a large and respectable audience heard him with the highest gratification, and one of the most extensively circulated of our daily journals (the *Times*) solicited the privilege of spreading his address, with all its "ultraism" and "fanaticism," before its numerous readers, interlarded with no invidious or qualifying commentary, but copied faithfully and at full length from his own manuscript.

Nothing in Mr. Garrison's address was more striking than the deep religious spirit by which, from first to last, it was pervaded. Without any taint of cant, it evinced a high sense of obligation to God, a consciousness of his in-dwelling presence and power, and a fixed dependence and reliance upon his aid as the only hope of suffering humanity. The mousing, intolerant, pharisaic dogmatism that cries out "infidel" whenever its shibboleths are denied, must have felt itself abashed by the manifestations of a religious faith defying its petty limitations as the sun would defy an effort to bottle up its rays for the benefit of a party or a sect.

We attempt no sketch of Mr. Garrison's address, as it is our intention to give it to our readers entire in the *Standard* of next week.

——Rev. THEODORE PARKER will deliver the next lecture of the course. Subject: "The New Assault upon American Freedom, and the General Condition of the Country." It will be a repetition of the discourse delivered by Mr. Parker, on Sunday last, in Boston, to an immense audience.

SENTENCE OF MRS. DOUGLASS AT NORFOLK.

WE hasten to lay before our readers the sentence pronounced by Hon. Richard H. Baker (let his name be remembered!), at Norfolk, Va., on the 18th of January, upon Mrs. Margaret Douglass, found guilty of the crime (!) of teaching persons with black skins to read! It is a practical illustration of the popular religion (we will not call it *Christianity*) of this country, and also of the prevailing Democracy, which boasts of bearing the brand of the Old Dominion. Let it go forth to the world as an irrefragable proof that the Abolitionists, in all that they have said of the inconsistency and the shame of their country, have fallen short of the truth. Let it be published far and wide to awaken the astonishment and indignation of the civilized world!

The allusion of Judge Baker to the recently-formed "Southern Aid Society" of this city is instructive. He knows to what class of people at the North the slaveholders are to look for apologies for the barbarism that Slavery engenders. We congratulate the members of that Society upon this evidence that their friendly offices are appreciated.

On one point Judge Baker appears to have fallen into a very important anachronistic blunder. He says that, but for the interference of "Northern incendiaries," there might have been no occasion for such enactments as that under which Mrs. Douglass was convicted, and yet he confesses that the first statute on the subject in Virginia was enacted in 1831, in consequence of the Nat Turner Insurrection, before a single Anti-Slavery Society had been formed by those whom he calls "incendiaries." That insurrection was the natural fruit of Slavery itself, as the debates that followed in the Virginia Legislature abundantly show. The Anti-Slavery Movement had not been organized, and, whatever may have taken place afterwards, no "Abolition pamphlets" or "inflammatory documents" had then been issued. The "pocket-handkerchiefs" to which his Honour so pathetically alludes as having destroyed the "happiness and comfort" which the negroes were enjoying in Slavery's wondrous Elysium, and made it necessary to pass laws to keep them in ignorance, had not then made their appearance, and therefore we submit that this ought not to be reckoned as any part of the cause or the occasion of the enactments in question.

—But let us hear Judge Baker:

Upon an indictment previously found against you for assembling with negroes to instruct them to read or write, and for associating with them in an unlawful assembly, you were found guilty, and a mere nominal fine imposed, on the last day of this court held in the month of November. At the time the jury came in and rendered their verdict you were not in Court; and the Court being about to adjourn for the purpose of attending to other official duties in a distant part of the State, it was necessary and proper, under the law, to award a *capias* against you, returnable to the present adjourned term, so that the judgment and sentence of the law may be fulfilled. The Court is not called on to vindicate the policy of the law in question, for so long as

PARKER PILLSBURY.

In last week's *Liberator* we find a letter from Parker Pillsbury, written at the house of Richard D. Webb in Dublin. It is brief, containing little beside an account of his passage across the water, which was exceedingly pleasant, the elements having been wonderfully forbearing in the matter of "agitation." The following paragraphs will be interesting to Mr. Pillsbury's numerous friends:

Most of the passengers were from Canada—merchants all the way from St. John's to Toronto—and there was a great variety of character. Four or five of them were the most industrious gamesters, in a small way, I ever saw, read, or heard of. All day long, and until ten or eleven at night, they were at their cards. One of them said he had lost over forty pounds; and yet an English shilling was all each laid down at a time. They, and a very few others, were equally devoted to their wine. I never before saw drinking so reduced to a science. I never knew so well before how much the human stomach holds. But, generally, our company were of the most agreeable character. Indeed, these very blades of whom I have spoken were amongst the most amiable and gentlemanly of the company; and their way of beguiling time added much to the diversions of the rest.

We had much discussion on the course the United States may be expected to pursue, in the event of a general war in Europe. And since being in Liverpool, many have asked me whether we should remain neutral, if the safety of England was endangered by her interference against the Russians. I always tell them we would no doubt aid England as soon as any other people, for perhaps two reasons—one, because she is a distant relation of ours; the other, a stronger one, is, that she is a good customer—buys largely and pays well. But, on the whole, the part our government and people would most likely sustain, would be, to feed and clothe both armies, and sell at the very highest prices possible. And then I tell them the reason is, because we have an army of more than three millions in our very midst, with whom we are at eternal war, and on account of whom we shall never be drawn into conflict with any other power, unless it be some fragmentary Indian tribe, or a feeble nation like Mexico, that can be held at bay without weakening at all our military strength at home.

On our voyage, we had a great deal of talk on American Slavery. The Canadians take a deep interest, many of them, in the subject. We had one most excellent gentleman from Toronto, and he gave us good accounts of the condition of the fugitives there, and of the feeling of the people toward them.

When it became known that I was a public labourer in the cause of the enslaved, a very polite request was drawn up and signed by all the company, that I would give a public address in the saloon, "on the Social and Moral Condition of the Slave, and the proposed measures for Emancipation." The Captain, however, had to interfere in the matter, on the ground that a rule of the Cunard company is, that no public lectures or addresses of any kind shall be given on board any of the ships. But we had a continued agitation in private circles, for the last two or three days. And at the risk of being regarded as a little egotistic, a quality I hate, I will relate a little incident that occurred on the last week day of the voyage, at the dinner table. Some little formality is common at that time, in the way of speeches, songs, and sentiment. When the programme was handed me, I found it arranged that the Queen and our own President having been pledged, the next sentiment was to be the health of the Captain of the steamer, and that would be expected of me. When the President's health was given, some very complimentary allusions were made to the "citizens of the United States, then present." To these I had to respond as best I could, in connection with the sentiment I gave. My remarks seemed to give great satisfaction, and as soon as I sat down, a gentleman from Glasgow, and a wealthy merchant there, rose and gave "The liberty of the American slave, and the health of Mr. Pillsbury, his distinguished advocate." Any response to this must have been an Anti-Slavery speech—and this the company seemed determined to have. It was a British ship, a British Captain, and a British company. My remarks were received with the profoundest respect, and, at the close, loudly cheered. We all felt that Slavery was blotting and polluting what might otherwise be the fairest escutcheon in the world of nations.

The *Anti-Slavery Watchman* (Manchester England) contains a lengthy and unfriendly notice of Rev. F. Hemming's appointment as lecturing Agent of the Manchester Anti-Slavery Union. The ground of opposition to Mr. Hemming's appointment was that he entertained the opinion that Mr. Garrison was an infidel. What that opinion respecting the sentiments of Mr. Garrison in America can have to do with the qualifications of Mr. Hemming as an Agent in England, we are at a loss to know. It seems very much like an inadequate reason for the opposition manifested to Mr. Hemming.

It is moreover strange that one who would insist that a man shall not be rejected from the Anti-Slavery platform nor the Society's agency for denying the truth of Christianity, and the existence of God, does yet oppose the employment of a man as agent because, forsooth, he doubts the Christian character of a fellow-labourer. To contend for a platform broad enough to admit men who discard God and the Bible, and yet make it so narrow that its occupant may not have freedom of opinion touching men thousands of miles away, is something very singular.—*Wesleyan.*

The notice of Mr. Hemming, to which the *Wesleyan* alludes, appeared in the *Standard* of the 4th instant, and we submit that our cotemporary has not truly and fairly stated its point. The ground of opposition to Mr. Hemming was not merely "that he entertained the opinion that Mr. Garrison was an infidel," but that, while pretending to be entirely non-sectarian and willing to work with any body, even with those whom he thought infidels, and while seeking the sympathy and aid of that portion of the British Abolitionists who support the American Anti-Slavery Society, he was yet, in an underhand way, "helping to swell a foul and unjust cry" against that Society and its friends; and the *Wesleyan*, if it deems it proper to notice the matter at all, should state it fairly. It was not for his *opinions*, but for *acts* inconsistent with his professions and at war with the non-sectarian basis of the Manchester Anti-Slavery Union, that Mr. Hemming's appointment as an agent was opposed. The *Wesleyan* is at a loss to know what his opinion respecting Mr. Garrison's sentiments can have to do with his qualifications as an agent in England. Mr. Hemming himself, it would seem, is at no loss whatever on that point, deeming it a part of his duty to do what e can by the force of that "opinion" to destroy the confidence of British Abolitionists in the Society of which Mr. Garrison is President. There is a vast difference between merely holding the honest opinion that a man is an infidel, and attempting on that account to proscribe him on the Anti-Slavery platform and to destroy public confidence in him as an Abolitionist. We can't believe that the *Wesleyan* is too dull of comprehension to appreciate a distinction so palpable as this.

REV. H. W. BEECHER IN BOSTON.

Rev. H. W. Beecher delivered an Anti-Slavery Discourse in the Park street Church, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 9th. It was, we understand, introductory to the Course of Lectures, of which we spoke a fortnight ago, as about to be delivered in that city. The Church was crowded to its utmost capacity, many distinguished gentlemen, clergymen and others, being present. Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., father of the lecturer, offered prayer. The following sketch is from the *Traveller*:

A lecture was delivered last evening, in the Park street Church, to a very full house, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on Slavery, with particular reference, it would seem, to the Nebraska movement. The speaker referred to Slavery as an element of despotism, incorporated into our Government at the outset, in spite of circumstances which would naturally have repelled and excluded it. We had broken away from tyranny and its corruptions, and brought with us new principles, and asserted the great doctrine of human rights, and it was wonderful that Slavery survived the Revolution and the confederation. It was a concession to the Union on the part of the North, and the speaker proceeded to show how, from that time to the present, concession upon concession has been made at the demand of the slaveholding interest. The Missouri Compromise of 1850, all had been achieved by forcing concessions upon the pliant conscience of the North. Never was there a purer patriotism—a deeper devotion to the public good—a more noble and generous spirit of self-sacrifice—than the North had shown toward the South in the whole proceeding. She had acted against her own interests and convictions, to save the Union, not without some selfishness—an eye to the interests of trade—but yet from a sense of honour to the South; and how had the South requited this generosity. The treatment of a free coloured man in South Carolina, and the expulsion of Mr. Hoar by a mob, were alluded to as illustrations.

A strong and bold contrast was drawn between the North and the South, as to intelligence, manufactures, agriculture, and the dependence of slave upon the free States was shown. The South runs down periodically, and demands of the North to make up her deficiencies—to give her medicine and diet, and restore her sinking energies. We have thus been trying to make up for what is inherent in wrong doing, and we have tried to do what cannot be done.

Two things the South dreaded as certain death, viz., a limited territory, and a concentrated Anti-Slavery sentiment at the North. The gigantic forms of danger she would break through by every means in her power. The Nebraska bill was the death-struggle for expansion, seeing that Slavery must suffocate or have more room to breathe. The Nebraska movement was dwelt upon with great freedom and severity; its motives exposed and its results known. The lecturer maintained that now, all question as to whether Slavery shall be agitated is at an end. The South says it *shall* be agitated, and we cannot help it. The bill of Mr. Douglas, and the avowals made by Southern gentlemen, bid defiance to all questions of prudence and conscience, and cut up by the roots all confederacies, compromises and union-saving doctrines.

In this emergency what shall we do, it was asked. The mask is off, and all disguises are thrown to the winds, and the slave power stands out in its true character, making its last and most infamous demand upon the North. All we have to do is to say No! All is not lost; we have the intelligence, the conscience, the votes, and we can say no to this abominable Nebraska petition. An earnest appeal to the patriotism, the piety, the love of God and country, and humanity, which ought to inspire a free people, closed the discourse.

VOICE OF NEW YORK.—After a good deal of discussion as to the language in which the State of New York should utter her Protest against the nefarious proposal to repeal the Missouri Compromise—nearly all agreeing that she should protest emphatically in *some* form—the Legislature has adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That our Senators and Representatives in Congress be requested to oppose any and all action countenancing a repeal of the Missouri Compromise, so called, and that they be requested to use all honourable means to prevent the passage of the bill called the Nebraska bill, introduced by Senator Douglas of Illinois, as we regard that bill a gross violation of said Compromise and a subversion of the rights of the North secured by it.

Resolved, That we regard the introduction of that bill into the Senate of the United States as a renewal of the agitation of Slavery, which the South have regarded as settled and quieted by the Compromise of 1850, and that the passage of said bill in the Senate be and is hereby regarded as an open violation of all the compromises of 1850, and a declaration of war in favour of the institution of Slavery, and the northern or free States will regard it as such and act accordingly.

Resolved, That the Governor of this State be requested forthwith to furnish copies of the above resolutions to each of the Senators and Representatives in Congress from this State, who are requested to present them for the consideration of Congress.

A telegraphic dispatch from Boston, dated Monday, says:

The Rev. E. N. Kirk, in his sermon at the Mount Vernon Church this morning, eloquently and pointedly condemned the Nebraska bill. The Christian Church, he said, should not close her eyes to the reckless ambition of trading politicians, trading legislators, nor ceases to pray for their conversion to honest and enlightened principles. He (Mr. Kirk) had given in his adhesion to the compromises of 1850, though hardly with a clear conscience, for the sake of the permanent peace and unity of the whole country. The passage of the Nebraska bill would, in his opinion, constitute a revolution. He regretted that the author of the Nebraska bill should have been born in New England. In conclusion, he invoked the prayers of the Church for our legislators at Washington, and especially for Senator Douglas and Franklin Pierce.

The Rev. Theodore Parker also made the Nebraska bill the subject of his morning discourse, denouncing it and its author with eloquence and sarcasm.

THE NEBRASKA QUESTION IN CONGRESS.—The Nebraska Question is still before the Senate. The principal speech against the measure during the last week was delivered by Hon. Truman Smith, of Connecticut, who dealt his blows indiscriminately at both the friends and the enemies of Slavery, uttering a good deal of truth with an equal amount of error. Mr. Everett's speech was scholarly, of course, but lacking in earnestness and moral power. Gen. Houston made a strong speech in opposition to the bill, on the ground that its passage would be a violation of Indian Treaties. Gen. Cass is said to have a speech ready for delivery, and Mr. Seward is also expected to give his views.

A delegation of Quakers (Orthodox, we infer) has gone to Washington to exert an influence against the impending iniquity. The excitement increases daily, and Douglas and his friends are fearful of defeat.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The Quarterly Meeting of this Religious Society, recently held at Kennett Square, true to its principles, occupied itself for the most part with topics connected with the moral reforms of the day. The sum of $76 was raised for the relief of Stephen F. Weakly, who has been stripped of his property by the operation of the Fugitive Slave bill, and a committee was appointed to procure further subscriptions. Measures were also taken to memorialize Congress for remuneration to Castner Hanway, for the money and time filched from him by means of the unjust trial for treason to which he was subjected after the affair at Christiana. A memorial to the State Legislature, praying for the enactment of a Prohibitory Liquor Law, was unanimously adopted.

CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.—In another column will be found the Fourth Annual Call for an Anti-Slavery Convention at Cincinnati, to be held on the 11th, 12th and 13th of April. This Call, like those which preceded it, emanates from the Board of Managers of the Cincinnati Female Anti-Slavery Society, and is addressed to all friends of the cause without distinction. Efforts have not been wanting to make the Conventions of former years subservient to sectarian ends. These efforts may perhaps be renewed the present year; and if so, we trust they may be once more defeated.

THE NEBRASKA QUESTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—In the House of Representatives, on Tuesday, the resolves in opposition to the Nebraska bill were passed to a third reading, by Yeas, 246; Nays, 13. The latter consisted of 11 Democrats and 2 Whigs. Popular movements in opposition to the Nebraska bill are taking place in many towns in New England. The Convention of Free Soilers in Faneuil Hall, on Thursday last (too late for notice this week), is to be followed by another, in the same place, on the 22d inst., irrespective of party. Many eloquent and influential citizens will be present, and address the meeting.

VAN BUREN AND CLEMENS.—A correspondence between Prince John and Ex-Senator Clemens of Alabama, in relation to the Nebraska Iniquity, will be found on the first page. The Prince, it will be seen, is not quite willing to support Douglas's bill, while Mr. Clemens is opposed to its passage from a fear that it will work badly for Slavery, by creating further agitation. The correspondence is marked by no manly sentiment; it only betrays the embarrassment into which the movements of Douglas have plunged the writers—an embarrassment from which they will seek to be relieved only through some party dodge or quibble.

JOHN MITCHEL.—The reply of this hollow-hearted adventurer to the scathing letter of Henry Ward Beecher, published last week, will be found under its appropriate head on the first page. It shows that he is thoroughly debased and entitled to no other sympathy than that which, on Christian grounds, is due to the very lacariots of the human race. It is well for the cause of liberty that his true character has been so soon and so thoroughly revealed.

WM. PITT FESSENDEN (son of the veteran Abolitionist, Hon Samuel Fessenden) has been elected United States Senator from Maine, by a coalition between the Whigs and a branch of the Democratic party hostile to the policy of the faction which has so long been in power there. Mr. Fessenden is a Whig of the Seward school, an able man, and a determined opponent of all schemes for the extension of Slavery.

THE Rhode Island *Freeman*, in spite of the efforts of sectarian bigots to effect its destruction, is to live at least another year. We are glad of it. Differing from it as we do on some points, we yet like its fearless and independent spirit, and hope it may long survive the enmity of all those narrow-souled people who hold Anti-Slavery subordinate as sectarian dogmas and shibboleths.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY commenced a series of concerts in Philadelphia on Monday evening last. Success to them!

TRUE religion is a series of facts; facts to be believed, facts to be obeyed, facts to be performed, and facts to be secured, in present enjoyment and future hope.—*Wesleyan.*

Very luminous! But after all, we like the Apostle James's definition better.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

SENATOR DOUGLAS CONDEMNED AT HOME.—The proceedings, which will be found on the first page, of a meeting held at Chicago to denounce Douglas's project for the extension of Human Slavery will attract attention. Some of his most influential supporters hitherto are now arrayed against him. We are not surprised to hear that he is alarmed by the consequences which his movement has already produced.

HON. SALMON P. CHASE will please accept our thanks for a pamphlet copy of his masterly speech on the Nebraska Iniquity. We would gladly publish it at length, but at present we have not room to do so. The telegraphic sketch which we gave last week was of course too meagre to afford any adequate idea of the strength of Mr. Chase's argument, or the beauty of the language in which his thoughts were clothed.

The *Philadelphia Register* cannot see how reform is to be promoted by a style so coarse and repulsive as Mrs. Swisshelm's letter in the *Autographs for Freedom* exhibits. Philanthropic billingsgate, it well says, is not a whit more excusable than that uttered in the fish market or elsewhere.

SUMMARY.

ILLNESS OF MRS. JUDSON.—The *Madison County Journal* says that Mrs. Emily C. Judson has been rapidly failing for some weeks past, and that her physicians have but little hope of her recovery.

ANOTHER LIBERAL ACT.—We learn from the *Advertiser* that the Hon. Jonathan Phillips has donated $10,000 to Harvard University for the increase of the endowment of the Greek professorship in Harvard College.

Thirty-four negroes, emancipated by the will of W. M. Golgin, of Taylor County, Ky., passed through Cincinnati on Wednesday, on their way to Shelby County, Ohio, where Mr. G.'s Executors have purchased a home for them. By the will they were also provided with $4,000 in money, horses, wagons, farming utensils, &c.

OHIO LEGISLATURE.—The following is going the rounds as an evidence of the way the Ohio Legislators spend their time and earn their money. It is brief and to the point:

"COLUMBUS, Jan. 20, 1854.

"Senate met—*expelled a negro*, charged *four dollars* each, and adjourned."

LIBERATED SLAVES.—Messrs. M. M. and F. T. White, of Cincinnati, recently inherited an estate in North Carolina, a part of which was eleven slaves. They were offered $10,000 for the slaves, which they refused, and the slaves recently passed through Cincinnati on their way to Indiana, where they will settle as agriculturalists.

SLAVE MOTHERS AND THEIR OFFSPRING.—We notice with pleasure that Mr. C. M. Johnson has introduced a bill in the lower house of the legislature of this State, to prevent the separation by sale of a slave mother and her children, where the children are under 5 years of age. The proposition is considerate and just as well as humane, and we earnestly hope it will receive the concurrence of the legislature.—*Georgetown (Ky.) Herald.*

Touching the Nebraska bill, some one asked Col. Benton, why he had never pitched into the Little Giant: "Mr. Douglas, Sir, Douglas, Sir," said the Colonel: "Ah, he reminds me of a story. A man having a fractious bull and desiring to kill him, was unable to reach him in his prancing and leaping. An old negro standing by asked his master why he was so anxious to hit the bull? 'Let him alone, Massa, and by and by he jump so high he break his own neck in the fall.'"

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—Rufus Parker, of Connersville, eldest son of Hon. Samuel W. Parker, M. C., was killed on Monday last, by the accidental discharge of a gun. The accident, we understand, occurred as follows: Young Parker, with several others, was returning from a hunting excursion. Their guns were deposited in an omnibus, and while Parker was taking one he supposed to be his own, from among the rest, it discharged, and the bullet entered his body, killing him almost instantly.—*Indianapolis Free Dem.*

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION assembled in Albany on Tuesday last. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton presided. An address to the Legislature was read by Mrs. Stanton. It maintains and considers the following positions and conditions: 1, The trial of woman by a Jury of her peers; 2, Women considered as a wife; 3, Woman considered as a widow; 4, Woman considered as a mother. These conditions of woman were set forth forcibly, and the laws applicable shown in much deformity. Among the speakers were Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, Rev. W. H. Channing, Rev. S. J. May, Mrs. E. L. Rose, and Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols.

LUCY STONE AS A SPEAKER.—The *National Era* speaking of Lucy Stone's lecture in Washington, says:

"Every heart was taken captive by the grace, modesty and propriety of her manner, and the melody and richness of her voice. Miss Lucy is an admirable speaker, fluent yet forcible; her mind teems with apposite facts and illustrations of her thought, which poured forth in an uninterrupted stream of beautiful elocution. We, in common with all who have listened to her, entertain the hope that she will be induced to lecture again and again, in Washington, and she may be assured of the warmest reception."

A FEMALE SOLDIER.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says that, there is now before Congress a petition from Mrs. Elizabeth C. Smith, of Missouri, who, in 1846, under the assumed name of "Ben Newman," volunteered in the Mexican war, where she served faithfully for ten months, when her sex was discovered and she was discharged from the service. "Ben" has since married, and now applies for her pay and bounty land. As the law applies to soldiers and not to men, this female soldier may be successful.

REFORM IN NEWARK.—It will be seen by reference to the Legislative proceedings of Thursday, that a number of strong-minded women of this city have presented a petition in the Senate praying the enactment of some law securing the legal equality of the sexes. This movement doubtless owes its origin to the labours among us of Miss Lucy Stone and Mrs. Coe, both of whom have made many proselytes. The subject is one of great importance, admitting of much and elaborate investigation, and we are glad the Senate has referred it to a Select Committee, who will be likely to give it an unbiassed and careful consideration.—*Newark Mercury.*

LIBERAL SPIRIT.—On Sunday morning last, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher gave notice that a sermon would be preached that afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Furness (Unitarian), of Philadelphia, at the church of Rev. Mr. Chapin (Universalist), upon the subject of "Practical Religion." He supposed some people would think it strange that he, an Orthodox clergyman, should give such a notice; but though Mr. Furness entertained a different system of theology from him, yet he was right on the great questions of human rights and human progress, and an eminently practical Christian. He added that some men lived better with a bad system of theology than many men did who had a good one; and that "*some men could do more with a jack-knife than other men could with a whole chest of tools.*"—*Journal of Commerce.*

MRS. COE'S LECTURE.—The lecture of Mrs. Emma R. Coe, at Washington Hall, last evening, on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage," was attended by a large and intelligent audience, and received with marked favour. The propositions of the lecturer were clear and distinct, and maintained by such a mass of solid reasoning as to effectually preclude their overthrow. It is an attractive feature of Mrs. Coe's lectures that she refrains from anathematizing and abusing those who oppose the woman's movement, seeking rather to win them to her side by gentle words and candid arguments. We doubt if there is another female lecturer now in the country, who is calculated to render such effectual assistance to the cause of Woman's Rights as Mrs. Coe.—*Newark (N. J.) Mercury, 10th.*

A MYSTERY.—A Dr. Bates, residing at Louisville, Missouri, was, a few days since, implicated in a negro kidnapping case. While the authorities were proceeding to examine the case, his wife, who had been in the habit of taking morphine, took up a vial of strychnine, and took the amount of her usual dose. Not liking the taste, she asked Dr. B., who was in the room, what was in the vial. He told her strychnine. "Then," said she, "I am poisoned," and she died within an hour. It appeared her morphine vial had been removed, and the strychnine put in its place. The people, we understand, gave the Doctor, after the death of his wife, twenty-four hours to leave—the general impression being that he killed his wife and stole the negro.—*Macon (Miss.) Beacon.*

TEMPERANCE IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Present signs are that, by hook or crook, the bill for submitting the Temperance question to the people will pass in the House and fail in the Senate. If so, there will be rare times next fall: old parties will be split into fragments; new issues, perhaps new men, will be brought forward; the Democratic candidate for Governor will be made to toe the mark, under penalty of being soundly beaten; and the Whigs to throw overboard their hack leaders, and come up a notch or two on the moral scale. The best stump-speakers in the State are in the Temperance ranks, and their voices will waken up the echoes of every valley between the Delaware and the Ohio.—*Phil. Reg.*

PUPILS OF YATES ACADEMY EXPELLED FOR ATTENDING DANCING SCHOOL.—Some eight pupils have been expelled from Yates Academy, Orleans county, for attending a dancing school. The pupils were residents of Yates, and were attending the academy under the direction of their parents. A meeting of the inhabitants of the town was held a short time since, to take into consideration the alleged illegality of the expulsion. It is claimed that the trustees of the academy have transcended their powers in expelling the pupils, inasmuch as the academy is a public institution, sustained by State moneys, and is under the care and supervision of the Regents of the University. We learn that the matter is to be brought before the Regents.—*Rome Sentinel, Feb. 7.*

SENATOR CHASE AND RUFUS CHOATE.—The correspondent of the New York *Express* says:

"The Senate Chamber was crowded at an early hour this morning to listen to the reply of Mr. Chase, of Ohio, to Mr. Douglas. His speech was thoroughly Abolitionist, but dignified and effective. Mr. Chase is a native of Cheshire county, N. H., and about thirty years ago was a law student in the office of Wm. Wirt, in this city. Mr. Choate, of Mass., was at the same time a student and in the same office. It is a tradition in the family of Mr. Wirt, that Chase and Choate were his favourite pupils, and that he predicted their eminence at the bar long before they became distinguished in their profession. Mr. Chase removed to Cincinnati after completing his studies, and in a few years attained the highest rank at the bar of that city. In person he is tall and commanding, and beyond comparison the finest looking man in the Senate."

MERCANTILE LIBRARY LECTURE.—The announcement of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as a lecturer, in Boston, always carries the interest and desire to hear, a little above its wonted pitch; and this was never more true than on Monday evening last. His lecture on that occasion before the Mercantile Library Association, on the "Mission of the Beautiful," has added greatly to his reputation, and deepened the desire to sit under the inspiration of his wit, and pathos, and power, and to enjoy the indescribable witchery of eloquence. Our city papers have meted out their praises in overflowing measure. The *Transcript*, regards it as "one of the most successful efforts of this distinguished divine." The *Journal* says the subject was treated "with all the eloquence of thought and expression for which its author is celebrated," and that "no sketch can do justice to its many beauties." But I will add no more in this strain, for I suppose the "distinguished divine" cares as little for compliments as he does for complaints and kicks.—*Cor. Independent.*

STUCK.—This is a newsboy's term. They understand it, because it is sometimes more than they can stand under. It often happens that a green specimen of the genus newsboy gets stuck with more papers than he can sell, and then his fellows laugh rather than cry over his misfortune. He gets but little sympathy, and he is not allowed to sell out at "prices below cost," as some of the wet-goods merchants do, as that would injure trade.

Yesterday we saw one of the most disconsolate-looking chaps we have lately noticed, with a big bundle of papers under his arm, apparently tired of looking for a customer, and night coming on. One of his cronies came along, and stopped a moment to inquire "what luck?"

"Luck? blast the thing; nobody will have it at half price. I'm stuck."

"What have you got? What paper is it? Why, you fool, didn't you know better than buy a dead *Citizen*? Good enough for you if you are stuck."

"Go back," said his comforter, "to your *Citizen* office, and put a bill on the door, '*Closed on account of a death in the family.*' Your paper is Beechered.—*Tribune.*

PROGRESS IN THE SOUTH.—We daily witness indications that are very gratifying to us. Gov. McRae, of Mississippi, says, in his address:

"There are but two great ideas worthy of life—God and liberty. They embrace all of value here—all of importance hereafter. Not to appreciate these, man must be intelligent; to be intelligent, he must be educated; to be educated, the means must be provided—and this is the duty of the State."

A writer in the *South Carolinian*, in commenting upon this, says:

"The lamentable fact that there are over 20,000 whites within our borders, over the age of twenty-one years, who can neither read nor write, is galling to our State pride, and calls aloud to every philanthropist and patriot to exert himself to apply a remedy for so direful an evil."

We are gratified to learn also that in Texas ten newspapers are out decidedly in favour of a prohibition of the liquor traffic; four evidently lean that way; and only three are decidedly opposed to such prohibition.—*National Era.*

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.—Hon. Samuel Houston, U. S. Senator from Texas, is reported as having uttered the following testimony, in a lecture in Providence:

"From early boyhood," said the lecturer, "I have lived on the borders of civilization, and have seen much of Indian life and character, and never knew an Indian treaty violated but what, when sifted to its bottom, it was found that its first violators were the white men." Allusion was made, in detail, to the Cherokees, to their advanced state of civilization, in agriculture and in the comforts of domestic life. The Creeks, Choctaws and Chickasaws, were also instanced as powerful evidences of the susceptibility of the Indian to improvement, advancement and refinement. The perfidy of Governmment agents, in their transactions with the Indians with whom we have treaties, was commented upon with unusual severity. As a single instance of the gigantic frauds practised upon the aborigine, that recently occurring in the Territory of Minnesota was pointed out. $600,000 was appropriated by Congress, in accordance with treaty stipulations, for the Indians of that Territory; yet the startling fact had come to light that they had received only $60,000, the balance having been stolen by the vampyres, retainers and thieves who fatten upon that confidence which the Indian placed in the integrity of the white man; and they (the Indians) were now suffering from pinching hunger and blighting want.

LORD NORBURY was usually very polite to prisoners. On one occasion, when he had to sentence half a dozen, he had them all brought up in a batch, and, severally naming five of them, pronounced judgment of death. An officer of the Court reminded his Lordship that he had missed one. The convict was sent for. "My good man," said Norbury, blowing like a grampus, "I've made a mistake about you, and I really must beg your pardon [puff, puff, puff]: I should have sentenced you with the rest [puff] and quite omitted your name [puff]—pray excuse me. The sentence of the law is [puff] that you, Darby Mahony [puff]—I really wonder how I came to pass you over—be taken hence to prison, and from prison to the place of execution [puff], and there hanged by the neck until you are dead [puff]—I do hope you will excuse my mistake—and may the Lord [puff] have mercy on your soul. That's all, my good man [puff]—turnkey, remove Darby Mahony." The victim coolly turned round as he was quitting the dock, exclaiming, "Faith, my Lord, I can't thank you for your prayers, for I never heard of any one that threw after your name, when I'm gone." Norbury, who relished a retort, actually granted Darby a reprieve before leaving the assize town, and successfully recommended him for a commutation of punishment on his return to Dublin.

THE LIQUOR LAW IN MICHIGAN.—The Supreme Court yesterday announced its position on the cases which have been brought before it involving the validity of the liquor law. In the Collins case, the first argued, the Justice announced that the court was equally divided, there being four Judges of the opinion that the law is constitutional, and four of adverse opinion. The court is understood to have stood on the question as follows: For the law, Judges Green, Johnson, Martin and Whipple; against it, Judges Wing, Pratt, Douglass and Copeland. Two other cases had been argued, and, in consequence of the absence of Judge Copeland at their hearing, there was a majority in favour of sustaining the law. The effect of this state of things we suppose to be simply that the cases before the court are disposed of, but no decision arrived at, and that the whole question is thrown back upon the inferior courts, leaving each Circuit Judge and every Justice of the Peace in the State to exercise his own individual opinion in regard to the validity of the law. If a case hereafter comes up on writ of error from a Circuit Court where the law shall have been decided constitutional, of course a majority of the remaining Judges on the Supreme bench will reverse the decision, and vice versa. The consequence is that the whole matter is in inextricable confusion.—*Detroit Free Press, Feb. 3.*

THE PRESS.—The Rev. Thos. K. Beecher lectured on this subject, in Williamsburgh. Some morning early, said the speaker, take your stand by the old Brick Church, on the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets. Go early, before daylight, and see, from Fulton to Spruce streets, the distribution of 150,000 newspapers from four offices. Men and boys were staggering with their bundles, or a cart and barrow relieved them of a part of their burden. This was but one of the many fountain-heads. Wait till sunrise, and then move on. On every corner were extemporaneous news-stands and clamorous boys. Visit the ferry house and ferry-boats; in the cabin was a long line of newspapers, and a man behind each. In the early stage or railroad car the newspaper was before you. Thread one's way down the business street, where yet the tall warehouses had their iron eyelids shut, and a newspaper was attached to every door-knob. At the Express office could be seen numbers of brown paper bundles, hastily marked with ink, and containing newspapers for North, South, East and West. On steamboat or steamship, newspapers still; and at the Post-Office, boys could play Swiss around bags of newspapers for the Alps. These were scenes that were not peculiar to New York alone. In Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Liverpool and London, the same facts existed. Aside from these, was the weekly press. Every hamlet wanted a weekly newspaper, whose issues varied from 100,000 to 300 or 400. Millions of books would not contain all that was told by the newspaper press in a day; and he wished that the world believed in the omnipresence of God half as forcibly as they believed in that of the newspaper. He knew of no phenomena of more inspiring prediction than this world-wide snow-storm of printed sheets. The language of the prophet was very cautious. He had said that "many should run to and fro," and that "knowledge should be increased;" not that this should increase knowledge. He should not preach that with this storm of newspapers knowledge should be increased, for that would depend much upon the newspaper taken. A radical Democrat had but little need of a Democratic paper. An Anti-Slavery man needed no expositions of Anti-Slavery views. An orthodox thinker would do well to take a liberal newspaper. This plan of one's selecting only those newspapers which were in accordance with his views was like loading a ship's side which was already under water.

INDEPENDENT LECTURES.—The eighth of the course was given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, by C. C. Burleigh, of Plainfield, Ct. His subject was "The Course and Limitations of Allegiance to Governments and Obedience to Law."

He asked on what ground do we owe allegiance to Government?

1. It is not because government *exists* already. If it is, we must discard all revolutionary movements, and condemn our fathers for what they did.

2. It is not on the ground of the antiquity of government, as we are told. If it is, then we must be transported to the infancy of time and a barbarous age for precedents and wisdom.

3. Nor is it because the government has the *power* to enforce obedience. If it is, then somebody else may obtain the power, and, by the same right, enforce obedience on the part of the government. There is revolution now?

4. It is not on the ground of *protection* in our rights. First, because under this pretence is hid the essence of all despotism. If it changes, we must change; if it become a monarchy, we must become monarchists. Second, because the strong are bound to aid and protect the weak, just as much as if one man was to see another exposed to the fury of a wild beast. It would be his duty to save him if he could, and it would lay the saved under no obligation to obey him. Or if a pirate had us in his power, he would be bound to protect us, and that protection would be no ground of obligation for obedience if he commanded us to assist him in robbery and murder.

5. Our obligation does not rest upon the ground of *acquiescence*, or because we have done it so long. This would ignore all mental, moral or physical improvement.

6. Nor in the right of the *majority* to rule. Because one man has a few more who agree with him than another, it does not give him the right to rule. Here again is the essence of despotism. The majority may oppress as well as one man.

But what a man cannot do in his individual capacity, association will not *create* the right for him to do in an associated capacity. But may we not have a government by consent of all the parties? No; for they may alter their minds, withdraw their consent, and then the basis of government is gone.

7. He did admit the rightfulness of government. He defined this to be, when one was established for the sole purpose of securing the blessings of *liberty* to all—of *justice*, and for securing the highest good to the whole.

What was the standard? Answer—God. No government is a government that is not an exponent of the Divine will. This will is written out—material law on the material universe, and moral law on man's moral nature; so that it comes to this at last, that each man must judge for himself; and if he cannot conscientiously obey, must suffer for the penalty of the strong over the weak.—*Providence Journal.*

DIED.

DONALDSON.—On the 13th ult., at Bagnière de Bigorre, Hautes Pyrenées, South of France, William Donaldson, of Cincinnati, State of Ohio, United States, after a long illness borne with patience and resignation. He left his home nearly six years since to travel for the benefit of his health, during which time he has unobtrusively endeavoured, in the various places where his lot has been cast, to advocate the various moral reforms of the present day, among many of the great moral reforms of the present day, among which were conspicuous the causes of Anti-Slavery, Temperance, and Peace. His end was witnessed by many, both Catholics and Protestants, all of whom acknowledged from their hearts that, let his *creed* have been right or wrong, they had never before been present at a more peaceful and triumphant death.—(*London*) *Inquirer.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

From January 1st, to February 1st, 1854.

708	L. H. Richardson, East Princeton, Mass.	$1 00
761	Miss A. E. Mellus, Salem, " -	2 00
761	D. Peabody, Albion, Mich. - -	2 00
735	Eld. C. Dearing, " " -	1 00
761	John Mailland, " " -	2 00
761	Dr. P. H. Packard, Albion, Mich, -	2 00
761	P. S. McGee, " " -	2 00
761	C. Lenox Remond, Salem, Mass. -	2 00
707	Thomas Rogers, Fort Leydon, N. Y. -	2 00
761	J. Conghey, N. Y. City, -	2 00
762	J. M. Aldrich, Fall River, Mass. -	2 00
760	Mrs. Catherine H. Spear, Plymouth, Mass.	2 00
728	Mrs. Wm. Robbins, Milton, Mass. -	2 00
749	Edwin Wilbur, Little Compton, R. I. -	2 00
676	Rev. S. J. May, Syracuse, N. Y. -	2 00
760	Mrs. R. M. Pelton, Syracuse, N. Y. -	2 00
736	Albert K. Hebard, Racine, Wis. -	1 00
762	Stephen Gibbs, Camden, Del. - -	2 00
760	Joseph Perry, Keene, N. H. - -	2 00
752	Wm. Marsh, South Barre, N. Y. -	2 00
762	James Peacock, Paterson, N. J. -	2 00
762	Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 00
702	James Brown, N. Y. City, - -	0 50
728	Otis R. Potter, " " -	3 00
736	Reuben Hardy, Townsend, Mass. -	1 00
762	Luman Hurd, Providence, R. I. -	2 00
676	Dr. Joseph Sargent, Worcester, Mass. -	4 00
705	Francis Clough, " " -	2 00
761	John W. Pound, Lockport, N. Y. -	2 00
674	G. A. Hix, Arcade, " -	1 00
763	Wm. Thomas, Lyons, " -	2 00
712	Adin Morton, Groton, " -	3 00
760	Count Holinski, N. Y. City, " -	2 00
751	Charles Squires, Lockport, " -	2 00
763	John Maxwell, Brooklyn " -	2 00
715	Wm. Robbins, Coldbrook " -	2 00
763	Wm. Pope, Jr., Harrison Square, Mass. -	2 00
760	Townsend Downing, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.	2

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DINNER-SCHOOLS.

In our remarks, last week, upon "Society this Winter," we purposely omitted all allusion to what has become, in some distinguished circles, the absorbing and favourite occupation. The omission is now to be supplied, and we should be glad so to supply it as to widen the interest which is felt in the operations to which we refer.

It is just ninety-eight years since John Howard, on a voyage to Lisbon (whither he was going to witness and help relieve the distress occasioned by the earthquake of 1756), was wrecked on the coast of France, and thrown into a French prison. It was there and then, while experiencing the horrors of the old prison system, that he conceived the idea of Systematic Philanthropy. The idea was a new one. As a mere idea, it might have died with the man who suggested it; but vivified by a LIFE of self-sacrifice, by a life *sacrificed*, by great and striking results, it obtained a place in the affections and the habits of men, from which it can never be dislodged, as long as there is one member of the human family unjustly suffering. Many good thoughts have doubtless been lost to the world; but a good thought, illustrated by a great example, has never been, can never be.

Systematic Philanthropy being, as we see, still in the first century of its existence, may be pardoned for its many and serious mistakes. The forms of misery are countless. The human character is complicated and weak. It is prone to lean, when it *can* lean, and thus, lose its power of self-support. There is a lurking baseness in all men; and misery, which ennobles the noble, and purifies the pure, and elevates the high, is apt to render the weak man false, and the mean man abject. The task of the Philanthropist was, therefore, and still is, one of extreme difficulty. The problem is, how to lessen the sum of human misery, without interfering with that just decree of Providence, that men shall eat the fruit of their own doings; how, in a word, to relieve distress without producing demoralization. Ninety-eight years of successful and unsuccessful philanthropic efforts have not been fruitless of instruction; and we believe the present age can boast of some charities which do great good and no harm; charities which help without degrading the recipient; charities which do not shield the criminal from the consequences of his crimes, but shield his children, who are innocent of them, but upon whom their worst consequences would naturally fall.

The Industrial Schools, or *Dinner-Schools*, as we have called them—which have been recently established by Mr. Brace, of the Children's Aid Society, are entitled to this high praise. Their object is the rescue of that immense class of children who are kept out of the public schools by extreme poverty, or ignorance of the English language; who obtain a miserable subsistence by picking rags and bones from the streets, by sweeping the crossings, begging, stealing, peddling matches and other trifling articles. An idea of the number of such children is afforded by the fact that in one ward alone of the city, the eleventh, there were, in 1852, out of twelve thousand children between the ages of five and sixteen, only seven thousand who attended school, leaving five thousand without education. For the most part, as Mr. Brace observes, the boys grow up utterly by themselves. No one cares for them, and they care for no one. They sleep on steps, in cellars, in old barns, and in markets; or they hire a bed in filthy and low lodging-houses. They cannot read. They do not go to school, or attend a church. Many of them have never seen the Bible. Every cunning faculty is intensely stimulated. They are shrewd and old in vice, when other children are in leading-strings. Few influences which are kind and good ever reach the vagrant boy. The *girls*, too often, grow up even more pitiable and deserted. They traverse the low, vile streets alone, and live without mother or friends, or any share in what we should call *home*. They grow up passionate, ungoverned, with no love or kindness to soften the heart. They become women without acquiring the knowledge of one useful art by which it is possible to earn an honest living. Their fate is known. It is as inevitable as it is appalling.

The Industrial Schools tempt these children from the streets (silencing the objections of their parents, and making it a *possible thing* for them to attend school), first, by providing for the children a dinner, which costs two cents for each; and, secondly, by enabling them to earn, and make their own clothing. The children assemble at nine in the morning. To the hungry, a piece of bread is given. The u clean are washed, and the rough-haired are combed. Over the rags of all of them, a clean, check apron is drawn, which they wear during the day. The three morning hours are spent in teaching them to read and write, the teachers being Ladies, who volunteer to spend a day, in each week, at the school. The chief teacher, however, is in all cases engaged and paid, to insure regularity. At twelve, the dinner is served. It consists either of soup, rice and molasses, or some other cheap and nutritious substance. The afternoon is spent in teaching the girls to sew, and the boys the beginning of a trade, as pegging shoes, etc. At three the school is dismissed, but the teachers frequently continue their labours by visiting the parents, and seeking out new pupils. Of such schools, there are now four in successful operation, of which the addresses are as follows: No. 118 Avenue D, No. 26 Wooster Street, Mariners Church, Roosevelt Street, and corner of Houston and Ridge Streets. These schools contain altogether about four hundred children, and the annual expense of each school is not far from nine hundred dollars. To learn how successful these schools have been, during the short period of their existence, in weaning the children from their evil ways, how affectionate and how happy the children are, how susceptible of improvement, how easily touched by the novelty of kindness, it is only necessary to spend a day in visiting them. We have done so, and all are invited to do the same.

But what *afterwards*? the reader may ask. Are the children, when taught and reformed, suffered to return to their former haunts and habits? No. The ultimate object of the Children's Aid Society, is to apprentice the boys to farmers and mechanics in the country, and to place the girls in situations where they can safely and profitably exercise the arts they have been taught. The Society is, to the poor children, a WAY OF ESCAPE from the crowded, dirty, dismal streets, where they wander and suffer and sin, to the clean, safe, healthy, open country. The object is so entirely admirable, so free from all the common objections to philanthropic schemes, that no one can help approving it with all his heart.

As we have said above, the Industrial Schools are objects of deep interest in some of the most refined and elevated circles of the city. The Extremes of Society have met, for their mutual and *equal* benefit. Ladies of distinction have entered upon the task of instructing the children, with enthusiasm, and gentlemen have been liberal in gifts of money and materials. But, of course, the need of increased means is pressing in the extreme, and further donations are most earnestly solicited. The income of the Society ought not to be less than fifty thousand dollars a year; and we urge our citizens not to be content with merely giving it a sum of money, but to subscribe their names to a certain amount, payable monthly or quarterly. The Society wants a *reliable revenue*, more than large donations. Who cannot become responsible for a dollar a month? Subscriptions are received at the Society's Rooms, No. 20 New Bible House, and by the following persons: the Cashier of the Metropolitan Bank; B. J. Howland, 80 Wall Street; John L. Mason, 232 Fourth Street; William C. Gilman, 18 Merchants' Exchange; William L. King, 99 John Street; Charles W. Elliott, 16 East Seventeenth Street; Augustine Eaton, 29 Wall Street; J. L. Phelps, M. D., 1 Wesley Place; James A. Burtus, 19 Peck Slip; Moses G. Leonard, 173 Canal Street; Wm. C. Russel, 261 Fourth Avenue; J Earl Williams, Metropolitan Bank; A. D. F. Randolph, 683 Broadway; Charles L. Brace, 54 Vandam Street.

One word of Mr. C. L. Brace, the Secretary and moving spirit of the Society, without whose energy and tact the Industrial Schools would hardly have existed. Yet what shall that one word be? Such a man as Mr. Brace is above praise. Praise is for men in the lower walks of eminence: for orators, fighting men, senators, actors, and other conspicuities, who get pudding as well as praise. To glory such as theirs, Mr. Brace might have aspired; nay, *won* it, and further, honours awaited his longer cultivation of literature. But he turned aside from the path of Glory, and at an age, too, when she is most alluring, and *after* he had proved his right to one of her wreaths. He was a young man, a man of acknowledged talent, of liberal education, personally attractive, of elegant tastes, of distinguished manners, refined, travelled, accomplished, admired. What place of ease and honour was there to which he might not have laid claim? The world was all before him, where to choose and what to choose. *He made his choice!* and, Reader, he wants your help. He has given *himself*. What will you give?—*Home Journal*.

THE BOXES;

Or, The Puzzled Frenchman.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine:

SIR: In the course of my study in the English language, which I made now for three years, I always read your periodically, and now think myself capable to write at your Magazine. I love always the modesty, or you shall have a letter of me very long time past. But, never mind. I would well tell you that I am come to this country to instruct me in the manners, the customs, the habits, the policies and the other affairs general of Great Britain. And truly I think me good fortunate, being received in many families, so as I can to speak your language now with so much facility as the French.

I am but a particular gentleman, come here for what I said; but since I learn to comprehend the language, I discover that I am become an object of pleasantry, and for himself to mock, to one of your comedians even before I put my foot upon the ground at Douvres. He was Mr. Mathew, who tell of some contretems of me and your word destable *Box*.

Well, never mind. I know at present how it happen, because I see him since in some parties and dinners; and he confess he love much to go to travel, and mix himself altogether up with the stage coach and vapouring* boat for fun what he bring at his, theatre.

Well, never mind. He see me perhaps to ask a question in the paque-boat—but he not confess after that he goed and bribe the garcon at the hotel and the conchman to mystify me with all the boxes; but, very well, I shall tell you how it arrived, so as you shall see that it was impossible that a stranger could miss to be perplexed, and to advertise the travellers what will come after, that they shall converse with the gentlemen and not with the badinstructs.

But it must that I begin. I am a gentleman, and my goods are in the public rentest and a chateau with a handsome property on the bank of the Loire, which I lend to a merchant English, who pay me very well in London for my expenses. Very well. I like the peace, nevertheless, that I was force, at other time, to go to war with Napoleon. But it is passed. So I come to Paris in my proper post-chaise, where I selled him, and hire one for almost nothing at all, for bring me to Calais all alone, because I will not bring my valet to speak French here where all the world is ignorant.

The morning following, I get upon the vapouring boat to walk so far as Douvres. It was fine day, and I am recover myself of a malady of the sea. I walk myself about the ship, and I see a great mechanic of wood with iron wheel, and thing to push up inside, and handle to turn. It seemed to be ingenious, and proper to hoist great burdens. They use it for shoving the timber, what come down of the vessel, into the place; and they tell me it was call "Jaques in the *box*;" and I was very much pleased with the invention so novel.

Very well. I go again promenade upon the board of the vessel, and I look at the compass, and little boy sailor come and sit him down, and begin to chatter like the little monkey. Then the man what turns a wheel about and about laugh and say, "very well, Jaques," but I not understand one word the little fellow say. So I make inquire, and they tell me he was "*box* the compass." I was surprise, but I tell myself "well, never mind," and so we arrive at Douvres. I find myself enough well at the hotel; but as there has been no *table d'hote*, I ask for some dinner, and it was long time I wait; and so I walk myself to the customary house, and give the key to my portmanteau to the *douaniers*, or excisemen, as you call, for them to see as I had no smuggles in my equipage. Very well—I return at my hotel, and meet one of the waiters who tell me (after I stand little moment to the door to see the world what pass by upon a coach at the instant), "Sir," he say, "your dinner is ready." "Very well," I make response, "where was it?" "This way, sir," he answer, "I have put it in a *box* in the *cafe* room." "Well, never mind." I say to myself, "when a man himself finds in a stranger country, he must be never surprised. *Nil admirari*. Keep the eyes open and stare at nothing at all.

I found my dinner only there there,‡ because I was so soon come from France; but, I learn, another sort of the box was a partition and table particular in a saloon, and I keep there when I eated some good sole fritted, and some not cooked mutton cutlet; and a gentleman what was put in another *box*, perhaps Mr. Mathew, because nobody not can know him twice, like a chameleon he is, call for the "pepper-*box*." Very well. I take a cup of coffee, and then all my hards and portmanteau come with a wheelbarrow; and, because it was my intention to voyage up at London with the coach, and I find my many little things was not convenient, I ask the waiter where I may buy a night sack, or get them tie up altogether in a burden. He was well attentive at my cares, and responded that he shall find me a *box* to put them all into. Well, I say nothing to all but "Yes," for fear to discover my ignorance; so he brings the little *box* for the clothes and things in the great *box* what I was put into; and he did my affairs in it very well. Then I ask him for some spectacle in the town, and he sent boot boy with me so far as the theatre, and I go into pay. It was shabby poor little place, but the man what set to have the money, when I say, "how much," asked me if I would not go into the *boxes*. "Very well," I say, "never mind—oh yes—to be sure;" and I find very soon the box was the loge, same thing. I had not understanding sufficient to your tongue then to comprehend all what I hear—only one poor magier doctor, what had been to give his physic too long time at a cavalier old man, was condemned to swallow up a whole *box* of his proper pills. "Very well," I say, "that must be egregrious. It is cannot be possible;" but they bring a little *box* not more grand nor my thumb. It seem to be to me very ridiculous; so I returned to my hotel at despair how I could possibility learn a language what meant so many differents in one word.

I found the same waiter, who, so soon as come in, tell me, "Sir, did you not say that you would go by the coach to-morrow morning?" "Yes: and I have bespeaked a seat out of the side, because I shall wish to amuse myself with the country, and you have no cabriolets§ in your coaches." "Sir," he says, very polite, "if you shall allow me, I would recommend you the *box*, and then the coachman shall tell everything." "Very well," I reply, "yes—to be sure—I shall have a *box*, then—yes;" and then I demanded a fire into my chamber, because I think myself exhumed upon the sea, and the maid of the chamber come to send me in bed; but I say, "No so quick, if you please: I will write to some friend how I find myself in England. Very well—here is the fire, but perhaps it shall go out before I have finish." She was pretty laughing young woman, and say, "Oh, no, sir, if you pull the bell, the porter, who sits up all night, will come, unless you like to attend to it yourself, and then you will find the coal-*box* in the closet." Well, I say nothing but "yes, oh yes." But when she is gone, I look direct into the closet, and see a *box* not no more like none of the other *boxes* what see all day than nothing.

Well, I write at my friends, and then I tumble about when I wake, and dream in the sleep what should possible be the description of the *box*, what I must be put in to-morrow for my voyage.

In the morning it was very fine time; I see the coach at the door, and I walk all around before they bring the horses; but I can see nothing what they can call *boxes*, only the same kind as what my little business was put into. So I ask for the post of letters at a little boots boy, who showed me by the quay, and tell me, pointing by his finger at a window—"There see, there was the letter *box*," and I perceive a crevice. "Very well, all *box* again to-day," I say, and give my letter to the master of postes, and go away again at the coach, where I very soon find out what was coach-*box* and mount myself upon it. Then come the coachman, habilitated like a gentleman, and the first word he say was "Keep horses! Bring my *box*-coat!" and he push up a grand capote with many scrapes.

"But, never mind," "I shall see all the *boxes* in time." So he kick his leg on the board, and cry "cheat!" and we are out into the country in lesser than one minute, and roll at so great pace, what I have had fear we will be reversed. But after a little times, I take courage, and we begin to entertain together; but I hear one of the wheels cry squeak, so I tell him, "Sir, one of the wheel would be greased." Then he make reply, nonchalancely, "Oh, it is nothing but one of the *boxes* what is too tight." But it is very long time after as I learn that wheel a *box* was pipe of iron what go turn round upon the axle.

Well, we fly away at the pace of charge. I see great castles, many; then come a pretty house of country well ornamented, and I make inquire what it should be. "Oh!" responded he, "I not remember the gentleman's name, but it is what we call a snug country *box*."

Then I feel myself abymed at despair, and begin to suspect that he amused himself. But still I tell myself, "Well, never mind, we shall see." And

* *Bateau-a-vapeur*—a steamboat.

† *Rentes*—public funds.

‡ *La la* signifies passable, indifferent.

§ The cabriolet is the front part of the old French diligence, with a hoop or apron, holding three persons, including the guard or *conducteur*.

then after sometimes there come another house, all alone in a forest, not ornated at all. "What, how you call that?" I demand of him. "Oh!" he responded again, "that is a shooting *box* of Lord Killfot's." "Oh!" I cry at last out, "that is little too strong;" but he hoisted his shoulders and say nothing. Well, we come at a house of country, ancient with the trees cut like some pescocks, and I demand, "What you call these trees?" "*Box*, sir," he tell me. "Devil is in the *box*," I say at myself. "But never mind; we shall see." So I myself refreshed with a pinch of snuff and offer him, and he take very polite and remark upon an instant, "That is a very handsome *box* of yours, sir."

"Morbleau!" I exclaimed, with inadvertencyness, but I stop myself. Then he pulled out his snuff-*box*, and I take a pinch, because I like at home to be sociable when I am out at voyages, and not show some pride with inferior. It was of wood beautiful with turnings, and colour of yellowish. So I was pleased to admire very much, and inquire the name of the wood, and again he say, "*Box*, sir." Well, I hold myself with patience, but it was difficult; and we keep with great gallop till we come at a great crowd of the people. Then I say, "What for all so large concourse?" "Oh!" he response again, "there is one grand *boxing* match—a battle here to-day." "Peste!" I tell myself, "a battle of *boxes*."

"Well, never mind; I hope it can be a combat at the outrance, and they all shall destroy one another for I am fatigued."

Well—we arrive at an hotel very superb, all as it ought, and I demand a morsel to refresh myself. I go into a saloon, but before I finish great noise come into the passage, and I pull the bell's rope to demand why so great tapage? The waiter tell me, and he laugh at same time, but very civil no less—"Oh, sir, it is only two of the women what quarrel, and one has given another a *box* on the ear."

Well—I go back on the coach-box, but I look as I pass at all the women ear for the *box;* but none I see. "Well," I tell myself once more, "never mind, we shall see;" and we drive on very passable and agreeable times till we approach ourselves near London; but then come one another coach of the opposition to pass by, and the coachman say—"No, my boy, it shan't do!" and then he whip his horses and made some traverse upon the road, and tell to me all the times a long explication what the other coachman have done otherwhiles, and finish not till we stop, and the coach of opposition come behind him in one narrow place. Well—then he twist himself round, and, with full voice cry himself out at the another man, who was so angry as himself—"I'll tell you what, my hearty! if you comes some more of your gammon at me, I shan't stand, and you shall find yourself in the wrong *box*." It was not for many weeks after as I found out the wrong *box* meaning.

Well—we get at London, at the coaches office, and I enlightened from my seat, and go at the bureau for pay my passage, and gentleman very polite demanded if I had some friend at London. I converse with him very little in voyaging, because he was in the interior; but I perceive he is real gentleman. So, I say—"No, sir, I am stranger." Then he very honestly recommend me at an hotel, very proper, and tell me—"Sir, because I have some affairs in the Banque, I must sleep in the City this night; but to-morrow I shall come at the hotel, where you shall find some good attentions if you make the use of my name." "Very well," I tell myself, "this is best." So we exchange the cards and I have hackney coach to come at my hotel, where they say—"No room, sir—very sorry—no room." But I demand to stop the moment, and produce the card what I could not read before, in the movements of the coach with the darkness. The master of the hotel take it from my hand, and become very polite the instant, and whisper to the ear of some waiters, and these come at me and say, "Oh yes, sir, I know Mr. *Box* very well. Worthy gentleman, Mr. Box. Very proud to incommode any friend of Mr. Box. Pray inight yourself, and walk in my house." So I go in, and find myself very proper, and soon come so as if I was in my own particular chamber, and Mr. Box come next day, and I find very soon that he was the *right* Box, and not the *wrong* box. Ha! ha! You shall exuse my badinage—eh? But never mind—I am going at Leicestershire to see the foxes hunting, and perhaps will get upon a coach-box in the spring, and go at Edinburgh; but I have a fear I cannot come at your "Noctes," because I have not learn yet to eat so great supper. I always read what they speak there twice over, except what Mons. Le "Shepherd" say, what I read three time; but never could comprehend exactly what he say, though I discern some time the grand idea, what walk in darkness almost "visible," as your divine Milton say. I am particular fond of the poetry. I read three books of the *Paradise Lost* to Mr. Box, but he not hear me no more—he announce me perfect.

After one such compliment, it would be almost the same to ask you for another, if I shall make apology in case I have not find the correct idiotism of your language in this letter; so I shall not make none at all—only throw myself at your mercy, like a great critic.

I have the honour of subscribe myself, Sir, your very humble and much obedient servant,

LOUIS LE CHÉMINANT.

P. S. Ha! ha! It is very droll! I tell my valet, we go at Leicestershire for the hunting fox. Very well. So soon as I finish this letter, he come and demand what I shall leave behind in orders for some presents to give what people will come at my lodgments for Christmas *boxes*.

LEIGH HUNT IN HIS PRIME.

WILKIE and I in early life used to read some remarkably clever theatrical *critiques* in the *News*. We were both so pleased that we resolved whichever of the two got acquainted with the critic first, he should introduce him to the other. Wilkie, I believe, was called on by one of the brothers first. This brought about an introduction to Leigh Hunt. Wilkie invited him to tea to meet me. I was taken ill and could not go, which put Wilkie in a great passion. I afterward met Hunt, and reminded him of Wilkie's intention, and Hunt, with a frankness I liked much, became quite at home, and as I was just as easily acquainted in five minutes as himself, we began to talk, and he to hold forth, and I thought him, with his black bushy hair, black eyes, pale face, and "nose of taste," as fine a specimen of a London editor as could be imagined, assuming, yet moderate, sarcastic, yet genial, with a smattering of everything, and mastery of nothing; affecting the dictator, the poet, the politician, the critic, and the sceptic, whichever would at the moment give him the air, to inferior minds, of being a very superior man. I listened with something of curiosity to his republican independence, though hating his effeminacy and cockney peculiarities. The fearless honesty of his opinions, the unscrupulous sacrifice of his own interests, the unselfish perseverance of his attacks on all abuses, whether royal or religious, noble or democratic, ancient or modern, so gratified my mind, that I suffered this singular young man to gain such an ascendancy in my heart, as justified the perpetual caution of Wilkie against my great tendency to become acquainted too soon with strangers, and, like Canning's German, to swear eternal friendship with any spirited talented fellow, after a couple of hours of witty talk or able repartee.

Hunt and I liked each other so much we soon became intimate. His mind was poetical in a high degree. He relished and felt art, without knowing anything of its technicalities. I was painting Dentatus, and when he saw it, he entered into it at once.

In *belles-lettres*, though not equal to Fuseli, he had a more delightful way of conveying what he knew. He had been educated at Christ's Hospital, and was not deficient in classical knowledge, but yet not a scholar. Then we were nearly of an age; he being only three years older than myself, and he had an open, affectionate manner, which was most engaging, and a literary, lounging laxiness of poetical gossip, which, to an artist's mind, was very improving. At the time of our acquaintance, he really was, whether in private conversation or surrounded by his friends, in honesty of principle, and unfailing love of truth, in wit and fun, quotation and *impromptu*, one of the most delightful beings I ever knew.

He was fond of being the idol of a circle. Content if the members of it adored, he shut his eyes on his faults himself, and believed them unseen by others. Finding, when I visited this circle, after his first attack on my principles, that there was a sort of chuckling air, as if Hunt had demolished my artistical theories, I thought I had no resource but to go into the field.

I was twenty-five, rosy and youthful, thin and active, and looked up to him as my literary superior. Nothing so astonished his infinite superiority as to find one whom he imagined a flushed youth, thoughtless and comparatively unaccustomed to literary warfare, entering the lists with an acknowledged controversialist like himself.

My letter was considered perfectly immature and unintelligible, and I was pitied, and begged not to go on; but I knew that my only error was want of practice in expressing myself, and that if I was once warmed, I should get over that. So, as my first essay excited a reply, I plunged into the fight sword in hand; caught my adversaries on their weak points, and demolished them one after the other, till artists, amateurs, and even Abolitionists, agreed I certainly had the best of the fight. Unfortunately, I provoked all this clamour by asserting my belief, founded on physical construction, that the negro was the link between animal and man. In the position of the Slavery question at that time nothing more was necessary.

After writing, re-writing, puzzling and thinking, blotting and erasing, reading to Eastlake, and taking his advice, I managed to get through my first letter.

I went with it to the *Examiner* office, dropping it into the letter-box myself, with a sort of spasm, as if I was done for in even daring to attack such a renowned critic as Leigh Hunt. Never shall I forget that Sunday morning. In came the paper wet and uncut; up went the breakfast knife—cut, cut, cut. Affecting not to be interested, I turned the pages open to dry, and, to my certain immortality, saw, with delight not to be expressed, the first sentence of my letter. I put down the paper, walked about the room, looked at Macbeth, made the tea, buttered the toast, put in the sugar, with that inexpressible suppressed chuckle of delight that always attends a condescending relinquishment of an anticipated rapture till one is perfectly ready. Who has not felt this? who has not done this?

During this contest I called on Hunt as usual. Hunt, who had been so used to hold forth as sovereign of editors, felt a little rubbed, and pursed up his mouth with a sort of stiffness, but his sense of fun got the better, and we were soon at it again on poetry, painting, religion, women and war.

I wrote to him, while the battle raged, to strike out a passage for me. He finished his reply, "By the by, I advise you to get a decent, well-tanned buckler, a *clypeum septemplicem*, by next Sunday; I am not sure I shall not slice you into wafers."

To which I rejoined:

"I am perfectly aware of whom I have got for my antagonist, and will get a shield like that of Achilles. And all I can say is, if you attempt to slice me into wafers, I will do my best, the Sunday after, to crumble you into pounce."

This controversy consolidated my power of verbal literary expression, and did me great good. I was animated by a desire to write in early life, because Reynolds, having deferred composition till late in life, was accused of not writing his own lectures. I resolved to show I could use the pen against the very man who might be supposed to be my literary instructor.

When Northcote was asked how he liked the letters, he shook his head, and said it was a dangerous power. Though this was said with his usual malice, it contained a great deal of truth. It was a dangerous power, and having felt the delight of being considered victorious, I soon longed to give another proof of my skill with the pen.—*Haydon's Autob'y.*

From the Manchester Times.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

I BECAME traveller to a Glasgow house in November, 1811, before I had completed my 19th year, and was then, I believe, the youngest "bagman" on "the road," very diffident among the smart Englishmen of that class, who, at that time, conceived themselves to be very fine gentlemen and accomplished conversation orators. I was not long, however, in discovering, when I came to "close grips" with some of them, that they were not such formidable fellows as I had supposed them to be. On my first, or, perhaps, my second journey to England, I met some eight or ten, fair representatives of the class, at the Old Swan, in Market Street, situated a little back from the line of street, about where is now the opening of New Brown Street. After supper, a dashing young man from Nottingham, in buckskin "shorts," and boots with immaculate white tops, that showed how well he could use oxalic acid, and who, perhaps, from that practical application, had studied chemistry, was dilating, much to the edification of the company, on that science. The "commercial gentlemen" did not much like Manchester, where they could not, from the influx of country manufacturers, find an exclusive commercial room, and the Boltonians and other intruders on their privacy had not much courtesy bestowed upon them. While the young man in the immaculate white tops was discoursing eloquently, a tall person came into the room, and humbly took his seat at a round table in the corner. I whispered the chairman to ask him to take his seat with us. "No, no," he replied; "he is some Owdham fellie." The appearance of the stranger, however, was not that of a country manufacturer. He seemed to be about twenty-eight years of age, had a profusion of light hair flowing loosely and rather wildly, and he was dressed in a drab shooting jacket, a reddish waistcoat, drab shorts, and long yellow gaiters. He might have passed for a well-off farmer or miller, or, mayhap, one of the smaller class of gentry who was not very careful as to the fashion of the day. He sat listening very attentively to the discourse, and then said, "Gentlemen, I live in a country place, and have seldom an opportunity of listening to such intellectual conversation, and would esteem it as a favour if you would allow me to take a seat at your table." The request made in such terms was acceded to, and he was graciously installed into our company. The discourse on chemistry went on. The stranger now and then begged a little explanation; deferentially, almost humbly, hoped he was not troublesome, but he liked to add to his small stock of knowledge; and so he went on, asking apparently simple questions, until he brought the unfortunate laceman to the end of his tether, which was not a long one. The discomfited took himself off to bed, and was soon followed by the rest; one of them remarking, *sotto voce*, as he passed me, that he believed the fellow knew more than he pretended to know.

I saw that the stranger did, and said to him: "They have left us alone, sir. Shall we have another glass of brandy and water together?" "With all my heart," he said. From science we went on to literature, from general literature to poetry, from poetry to poets, from poetry in general to Scoth poets, from Burns to Scott, and from Scott to Grahame. He pronounced a beautifully discriminative eulogium on Grahame's "Sabbath." When he had done, I looked him in the face and said, "You are John Wilson." He asked, "How the deuce did you find that out, young bagman?" I went to my driving box, which was in the room, and laid before him "A Monody on James Grahame, by John Wilson," which I had receieved by post that morning frem my master, who was Grahame's brother. "This does not account for your finding out who I was," he said. I said it did, for no one but the writer of that monody could have made such a criticism on Grahame as he had made. "Ah," he said, "an acute young fellow you are for a bagman. Shall we have another glass of brandy and water?" I had no objection, but the waiter said the bar had been locked up and Mr. Baines had gone to bed. "Bring us a bucket of water," said Wilson, "and bedroom candles, and we will break up when we are inclined. We can talk without brandy, can't we, young—what's your name?" We did well enough on water. From lake poetry there was a natural transition to boating; from boating to running, and leaping, and wrestling; from wrestling to pugilism, and Cribb and Molyneaux; from Cribb to Wellington, in the Peninsula; from Wellington to Bruce and Bannockburn; from Bannockburn to Drumelog and Bothwell Brig; from the Covenanters to James Grahame again, and thence to "Birds of Scotland;" and thence again to shooting and fishing, and deer-stalking and the highlands. Three o'clock struck. "I am going by a Yorkshire coach at six o'clock," said Wilson. "It is of no use going to bed now. Will you see me off?" "Most certainly I will;" and I saw him off. I made no note of that night and morning's talk. I wish I had. There was in Wilson's conversation all the extravagance and all the beauty of the "lights and shadows" of Christopher North. I washed and breakfasted, and was out with my little bundle of patterns by nine o'clock, as fresh as a lark.

On the following summer, when I was at Kendal, the Westmoreland regiment of local militia, then on their twenty-eight days' "permanent" duty, were drawn up on the street. I saw in the ranks a man so like Wilson that I should have taken him to be the poet, but from the fact of his being in the ranks. The worthy Mr. Atkinson, of the King's Arms, was standing beside me, and I asked if he knew the man. "Yes," he said, "that was Mr. Wilson, of Elleray." "Mr. Wilson! How is he in the ranks?" "Oh, he was drawn in the ballot, and said he would not hire any man to fight for him." By the time I had finished my business, the regiment had been dismissed, and just as I was stepping into my gig, up came Wilson, with a brown loaf on his fixed bayonet, which he lowered near me, and a poor woman smilingly and gratefully pulled off the loaf, dropped a curtesy, and walked away. I turned to him and said, "John Wilson!" "Bless me," he said, "my night's companion at the Old Swan, Manchester! Come, we must have another night together. The officers permit me to mess with them, and they are always glad to see anyone introduced by me." "It is a great temptation," I said, "but I cannot. My nights are my own, but my days are my master's." "Come, come," said he, "my old friend, Tom Grahame, would let you have half a day." "Yes, I dare say he would, but he is not here to be asked. Besides, if I do not get to Lancaster to-night in time to do my business, I shall be thrown upon the market-day, when no draper will look at a traveller; so that I should lose a day and a half." And so I drove off, regretting that I could not spend such another "nicht wi' Wilson," as my father did with Robert Burns. ARCHIBALD PRENTICE.

Manchester, 12th Jan., 1854.

FREDRIKA BREMER AND MARY HOWITT—ANOTHER LETTER FROM MISS BREMER.

To the Editor of the London Times.

SIR: Mrs. Howitt's answer in the *Times* of the 26th of Dec., to my card in the *Times* convinces me of what I, indeed, knew before—that, though circumstances have made us appear "antagonistically opposed" for a moment, we are not, nor will ever be, so in heart; and certainly the letter in which I apprised Mrs. Howitt of my motives for publishing my card (enclosing the same in my hand writing for her), must have shown her anything but antagonism—anything but unkind feelings. May it be permitted to me here to say a few words more on this subject, as I hope that they will satisfy herself and our common friends.

Left alone and very isolated, through the death of many of my nearest and dearest ones, and having, during the period of an important work not, as formerly, near me a friend in whose pure and noble soul I could, as in a clear mirror, see my faults and errors, I asked the translator of that work, Mrs. Mary Howitt, to be to me as that friend—a kind and severe critic at once; and so she became to me. She and an American, a most excellent man and friend, who saw the first part of the work, suggested several omissions, some of criticisms, some of too much or repeated eulogiums, &c., which remarks were willingly accepted by me as they all related to particular persons or cases, not to public matters or opinions, in which I had required and urged a strict fidelity to my manuscript. Several more omissions were suggested by myself, and I added about these: "As I look through my pages for the press I strike out many a line;" and I was sure to be, in these matters, perfectly understood and supported by Mrs. Howitt.

Several of the omissions agreed upon were carried out in the English translation, as in the Swedish original—some not as I have lately discovered, but, as I well know that this neglect lay not in the intention of my translator, as kind as she is considered in such matters, I have not charged it upon her, but on circumstances, which sometimes, as little mischievous imps, or like the black elves in our Scandinavian mythology, mix themselves in human affairs just to keep them from coming right; but, without looking for mythological impediments to explain the matter, sufficient explanation may be found in the unfavourable circumstances under which the work was done, and also to the difficulty of communing about such matters by letters which had ten days to travel before they could reach their readers. Had Mrs. Howitt and myself been so near one another in time and space as we were in our mind and heart, our work would have agreed as perfectly as our will.

Nor should I ever have thought of making any remark in public on the errors committed here and there in the book, if not some of them had happened to reflect on, and thereby to give pain to very dear friends and their friends. This I would not and should not endure.

As to the remark quoted in Mrs. Howitt's letter about the "*mater*" and its translation "meat," my remark has been misunderstood. It relates to a very different word. I named that and the mistakes in the spelling of foreign words and names (some of which may be the fault of my transcriber, as well as mine in not correcting them, some that of the printer), only to characterize a certain class of mistakes scattered here and there throughout the work, but in no way of importance.

And, indeed, in a work of such an extent, and accomplished in a great hurry, it is less the wonder that there should be some mistakes than that there are not many more. Some errors, as a matter of course, will attach themselves to every translation, as well as (alas!) to every book. *

Mrs. Howitt thinks that the printed Swedish work is, in great part, a different one from that from which she made her translation. It is certainly not. The first volume was printed in Sweden before the time that the English edition was published; and though the second volume in Sweden has appeared some weeks later, I have made no omissions of any importance, except those that Mrs. Howitt and myself had agreed upon. A few shortenings of endearing chat, and a few slight additions, I have made of no kind of importance. To have done otherwise would not have been fair, and it could not enter in my mind to do it. The third volume will be as little altered.

It is to me a gratification here to repeat what I have already said, both in private and public, about Mrs. Howitt's translation—it is good and faithful in general, and in many parts excellent, less so in the first part of the work, most in the last. As Mrs. Howitt has advanced in the work, and become identified to its mind, native genius has made her overcome all difficulties of language and matters strange to her, and she writes with the ease and inspiration of an original author. Many of her pages have I read with true delight and admiration at the beauty and power of her style.

May this full and heartfelt appreciation take away any sting that my remarks may have left in the mind of my friend and translator! May she be my friend and translator for works possibly to come! Circumstances so unfavourable as those under which both myself and Mrs. Howitt have worked in this last work will hardly ever return, and nothing then will be in the way of our perfect harmony. If I again shall seek a translator in England I can certainly seek and wish for no other, no better, than Mary Howitt. This is the last word that I shall say in this matter.

But I cannot let this opportunity go without expressing my thankful acknowledgments of the care bestowed by my publishers (Messrs Arthur, Hall & Virtue) on my book, and its good, sterling looks, as well as of the gallant and kind behaviour of those gentlemen to its author. I am, Sir, &c.,

Stockholm, Jan., 1854. FREDRIKA BREMER.

* In the Book of Books there is said to be, only in the three first chapters of Genesis, not less than 300 variations in the translations of the original; and in the Books of the New Testament more than 43,000, though [miraculously almost] only about a dozen among these are of importance.

AN EASTERN TALE.

[Translated for The Albany Evening Journal.]

EASTWARD from Cathay and Japan there dwelt a King, whose dominions extended from sea to sea, and from the Island of the Oranges to the Crystal Lakes. Prosperity and happiness were the lot of his subjects, such as were not equalled throughout all the East. Famine was unknown in that land, and Treason was an unheard of crime. The Fountain of Youth was said to flow in its eastern forests, and the City of El Dorado stood on its western shore.

He was a wise and prudent monarch withal. Each of his thirty-one sons, sovereigns though they were, were bred up to some useful handicraft. One wrought in iron and coal, another plied the loom, another made and guided boats upon the rivers, and another tended flocks and herds upon the mountains. There was one region of the Kingdom that was fruitful and fair to look upon, beyond all the rest. It lay at the head of a valley, called the Valley of the Father of Rivers, and stretched far away westward to the Mountains of Perpetual Snow. It was a land for the culture of Corn and Wine and Oil, and it was called El-Nebraska, or The Refuge. This the King had set apart for an inheritance to his children when they should arrive at man's estate. A line of sentinels was stationed along its confines, to keep off marauders. The sentinels were 36.30 in number, and stirred not from their posts, night nor day.

As the King was sleeping, one day, in his council chamber, he had a strange and perplexing vision. He dreamed that a Beggar came and knelt before him, whose aspect was like the aspect of the most hideous of the Jinn. He was deformed, and scarred and lame, and had but a single eye. In his hand he held a whip of bull's hide, which he vainly endeavoured to conceal among the tattered garments. Humbling himself before the King, he said, "O King, live forever! It is not I who am to blame for being here to curse thy dominions, but my father, a wicked Englishman, who brought me and laid me at thy gate while I was yet an infant, and then deserted me. I am nearly dead with hunger and cold. Give me, I pray thee, a spot of ground whereon I may work and earn my livelihood, so that I may be no more a trouble to thee."

So the King took compassion on him, and bade him go down into the Fields of Tobacco and Rice and work there with his sons. And the beggar went. But no sooner was he out of the King's sight than he despoiled the King's sons of the lands and squandered their substance in idleness and profligacy. Finally he came again and stood before the King, in a more pitiable plight than ever.

"O King," said he, "live forever! The Tobacco fields thou gavest me are worthless and unprofitable, and the Rice patch is nothing but an infected swamp. Give me, I pray thee, another spot of ground, whereon I may work and earn my livelihood, so that I may be no more a trouble to thee."

Again the King took compassion on him and gave him the Cane Brakes and the Fields of Cotton. And he departed again. But he wasted their substance also, and lived riotously. He took the children and the women that lived there and sold them for silver to certain Merchants who were going with caravans to the City of the Crescent. At last, when the silver was spent, he came and stood before the King a third time.

"May the King," said he, "live forever! But the